

Brown, will detail "Pellow's Adventures and Sufferings during his Twenty-three Years' Captivity in Morocco."

We have heard much of the troubles of booksellers lately, but to be a lady bookseller is clearly to secure a large amount of consideration from the press and the public. Mrs. Bennett of the "Caxton Head," High Holborn, has been frequently "paragraphed" in our daily contemporaries, and her 200th catalogue of second-hand books which is issued to-day boasts some specially designed illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Selwyn Image. Robert Browning was a frequent visitor to the "Caxton Head," and there are few men of letters who have not been among its untiring patrons.

Perhaps the most interesting "item" in the new catalogue is a copy of the Pre-Raphaelite *Germ* in yellow polished calf for ten guineas. This copy belonged to Mr. William Bell Scott—one of the contributors. No doubt this is the only copy of a contributor that has ever been offered for sale.

Mr. Walter Besant's attractive story, "Armored of Lyonesse," now appearing in the *Illustrated London News*, will be followed by "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phoenician," retold by Edwin Lester Arnold. The writer is a son of Sir Edwin Arnold, who will contribute an introductory chapter.

REVIEWS.

MR. PATER'S LAST VOLUME.

APPRECIATIONS, WITH AN ESSAY ON STYLE. By Walter Pater, Fellow of Brasenose College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

WHEN I first had the privilege—and I count it a very high one—of meeting Mr. Walter Pater, he said to me, smiling, "Why do you always write poetry? Why do you not write prose? Prose is so much more difficult."

It was during my undergraduate days at Oxford; days of lyrical ardours and of studious sonnet-writing; days when one loved the exquisite intricacy and musical repetitions of the ballade, and the villanelle with its linked long-drawn echoes and its curious completeness; days when one solemnly sought to discover the proper temper in which a triolet should be written; delightful days, in which, I am glad to say, there was far more rhyme than reason.

I may frankly confess now that at the time I did not quite comprehend what Mr. Pater really meant; and it was not till I had carefully studied his beautiful and suggestive essays on the Renaissance that I fully realised what a wonderful self-conscious art the art of English prose-writing really is, or may be made to be. Carlyle's stormy rhetoric, Ruskin's winged and passionate eloquence, had seemed to me to spring from enthusiasm rather than from art. I don't think I knew then that even prophets correct their proofs. As for Jacobean prose, I thought it too exuberant; and Queen Anne prose appeared to me terribly bald, and irritatingly rational. But Mr. Pater's essays became to me "the golden book of spirit and sense, the holy writ of beauty." They are still this to me. It is possible, of course, that I may exaggerate about them. I certainly hope that I do; for where there is no exaggeration there is no love, and where there is no love there is no understanding. It is only about things that do not interest one, that one can give a really unbiassed opinion; and this is no doubt the reason why an unbiassed opinion is always absolutely valueless.

But I must not allow this brief notice of Mr. Pater's new volume to degenerate into an autobiography. I remember being told in America that whenever Margaret Fuller wrote an essay upon Emerson the printers had always to send out to borrow some additional capital "I's," and I feel it right to accept this transatlantic warning.

"Appreciations," in the fine Latin sense of the word, is the title given by Mr. Pater to his book, which is an exquisite collection of exquisite essays, of delicately wrought works of art—some of them being almost Greek in their purity of outline and perfec-

tion of form, others mediæval in their strangeness of colour and passionate suggestion, and all of them absolutely modern, in the true meaning of the term modernity. For he to whom the present is the only thing that is present, knows nothing of the age in which he lives. To realise the nineteenth century, one must realise every century that has preceded it, and that has contributed to its making. To know anything about oneself, one must know all about others. There must be no mood with which one cannot sympathise, no dead mode of life that one cannot make alive. The legacies of heredity may make us alter our views of moral responsibility, but they cannot but intensify our sense of the value of Criticism; for the true critic is he who bears within himself the dreams and ideas and feelings of myriad generations, and to whom no form of thought is alien, no emotional impulse obscure.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the least successful, of the essays contained in the present volume is that on "Style." It is the most interesting because it is the work of one who speaks with the high authority that comes from the noble realisation of things nobly conceived. It is the least successful, because the subject is too abstract. A true artist like Mr. Pater, is most felicitous when he deals with the concrete, whose very limitations give him finer freedom, while they necessitate more intense vision. And yet what a high ideal is contained in these few pages! How good it is for us, in these days of popular education and facile journalism, to be reminded of the real scholarship that is essential to the perfect writer, who, "being a true lover of words for their own sake, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy," will avoid what is mere rhetoric, or ostentatious ornament, or negligent misuse of terms, or ineffective surplusage, and will be known by his tact of omission, by his skilful economy of means, by his selection and self-restraint, and perhaps above all by that conscious artistic structure which is the expression of mind in style. I think I have been wrong in saying that the subject is too abstract. In Mr. Pater's hands it becomes very real to us indeed, and he shows us how, behind the perfection of a man's style, must lie the passion of a man's soul.

As one passes to the rest of the volume, one finds essays on Wordsworth and on Coleridge, on Charles Lamb and on Sir Thomas Browne, on some of Shakespeare's plays and on the English kings that Shakespeare fashioned, on Dante Rossetti, and on William Morris. As that on Wordsworth seems to be Mr. Pater's last work, so that on the singer of the "Defence of Guenevere" is certainly his earliest, or almost his earliest, and it is interesting to mark the change that has taken place in his style. This change is, perhaps, at first sight not very apparent. In 1868 we find Mr. Pater writing with the same exquisite care for words, with the same studied music, with the same temper, and something of the same mode of treatment. But, as he goes on, the architecture of the style becomes richer and more complex, the epithet more precise and intellectual. Occasionally one may be inclined to think that there is, here and there, a sentence which is somewhat long, and possibly, if one may venture to say so, a little heavy and cumbersome in movement. But if this be so, it comes from those side-issues suddenly suggested by the idea in its progress, and really revealing the idea more perfectly; or from those felicitous after-thoughts that give a fuller completeness to the central scheme, and yet convey something of the charm of chance; or from a desire to suggest the secondary shades of meaning with all their accumulating effect, and to avoid, it may be, the violence and harshness of too definite and exclusive an opinion. For in matters of art, at any rate, thought is inevitably coloured by emotion, and so is fluid rather than fixed, and, recognising its dependence upon moods and upon the passion of fine moments, will not accept the rigidity of a scientific formula or a theological dogma. The critical pleasure, too, that we receive from tracing, through what may seem the intricacies of a sentence, the working of the constructive intelligence, must not be overlooked. As soon as we have realised the design, everything appears clear and simple. After a time, these long sentences

of Mr Pater's come to have the charm of an elaborate piece of music, and the unity of such music also.

I have suggested that the essay on Wordsworth is probably the most recent bit of work contained in this volume. If one might choose between so much that is good, I should be inclined to say it is the finest also. The essay on Lamb is curiously suggestive; suggestive, indeed, of a somewhat more tragic, more sombre figure, than men have been wont to think of in connection with the author of the *Essays of Elia*. It is an interesting aspect under which to regard Lamb, but perhaps he himself would have had some difficulty in recognising the portrait given of him. He had, undoubtedly, great sorrows, or motives for sorrow, but he could console himself at a moment's notice for the real tragedies of life by reading any one of the Elizabethan tragedies, provided it was in a folio edition. The essay on Sir Thomas Browne is delightful, and has the strange, personal, fanciful charm of the author of the *Religio Medici*; Mr. Pater often catching the colour and accent and tone of whatever artist, or work of art, he deals with. That on Coleridge, with its insistence on the necessity of the cultivation of the relative, as opposed to the absolute spirit in philosophy and in ethics, and its high appreciation of the poet's true position in our literature, is in style and substance a very blameless work. Grace of expression, and delicate subtlety of thought and phrase, characterise the essays on Shakespeare. But the essay on Wordsworth has a spiritual beauty of its own. It appeals, not to the ordinary Wordsworthian with his uncritical temper, and his gross confusion of ethical with æsthetical problems, but rather to those who desire to separate the gold from the dross, and to reach at the true Wordsworth through the mass of tedious and prosaic work that bears his name, and that serves often to conceal him from us. The presence of an alien element in Wordsworth's art, is, of course, recognised by Mr. Pater, but he touches on it merely from the psychological point of view, pointing out how this quality of higher and lower moods gives the effect in his poetry "of a power not altogether his own, or under his control"; a power which comes and goes when it wills, "so that the old fancy which made the poet's art an enthusiasm, a form of divine possession, seems almost true of him." Mr. Pater's earlier essays had their *purpurei panni*, so eminently suitable for quotation, such as the famous passage on Monna Lisa, and that other in which Botticelli's strange conception of the Virgin is so strangely set forth. From the present volume it is difficult to select any one passage in preference to another as specially characteristic of Mr. Pater's treatment. This, however, is worth quoting at length. It contains a truth eminently useful for our age:—

That the end of life is not action but contemplation—*being* as distinct from *doing*—a certain disposition of the mind: is, in some shape or other, the principle of all the higher morality. In poetry, in art, if you enter into their true spirit at all, you touch this principle in a measure; these, by their very sterility, are a type of beholding for the mere joy of beholding. To treat life in the spirit of art is to make life a thing in which means and ends are identified: to encourage such treatment, the true moral significance of art and poetry. Wordsworth, and other poets who have been like him in ancient or more recent times, are the masters, the experts, in this art of impassioned contemplation. Their work is not to teach lessons, or enforce rules, or even to stimulate us to noble ends, but to withdraw the thoughts for a while from the mere machinery of life, to fix them, with appropriate emotions, on the spectacle of those great facts in man's existence which no machinery affects, "on the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature"—on "the operations of the elements and the appearances of the visible universe, on storm and sunshine, on the revolutions of the seasons, on cold and heat, on loss of friends and kindred, on injuries and resentments, on gratitude and hope, on fear and sorrow." To witness this spectacle with appropriate emotions is the aim of all culture; and of these emotions poetry like Wordsworth's is a great nourisher and stimulant. He sees nature full of sentiment and excitement; he sees men and women as parts of nature, passionate, excited, in strange grouping and connection with the grandeur and beauty of the natural world:—images, in his own words, "of man suffering, amid awful forms and powers."

Certainly the real secret of Wordsworth has never been better

expressed. After having read and re-read Mr. Pater's essay—for it requires re-reading—one returns to the poet's work with a new sense of joy and wonder, and with something of eager and impassioned expectation. And perhaps this might be roughly taken as the test or touchstone of the finest criticism.

Finally, one cannot help noticing the delicate instinct that has gone to fashion the brief epilogue that ends this delightful volume. The difference between the classical and romantic spirits in art has often, and with much over-emphasis, been discussed. But with what a light sure touch does Mr. Pater write of it! How subtle and certain are his distinctions! If imaginative prose be really the special art of this century, Mr. Pater must rank amongst our century's most characteristic artists. In certain things he stands almost alone. The age has produced wonderful prose styles, turbid with individualism, and violent with excess of rhetoric. But in Mr. Pater, as in Cardinal Newman, we find the union of personality with perfection. He has no rival in his own sphere, and he has escaped disciples. And this, not because he has not been imitated, but because in art so fine as his there is something that, in its essence, is inimitable.

OSCAR WILDE.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD: its Origin and Opening, October 14—16, 1889. London: James Clarke & Co. 1890.

THE past year has been fruitful in records of the religious life of Oxford. Last summer the life of the "most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward," gave us new lights on the Tractarian movement: a few weeks ago, "*Lux Mundi*" appeared, to mark the advance of the High Church party since the days when Ward and Newman left them. The volume now before us opens up another aspect of Oxford life. It is not simply a narrative, nor merely a theological manifesto; it has something of the interest of both. It records the history and circumstances of the foundation of Mansfield College in Oxford. It is a handsome volume of 250 pages, consisting of a historical narrative and a collection of addresses and speeches made at the inauguration of the College, and adorned with prints of the buildings.

The ultimate significance of this foundation will depend on forces at present hard to calculate; but, whatever it grow to in the end, its story, so far as it has gone, has an interest at once for the student of religious history, and for those who have at heart the expansion of the old Universities. It has been often misunderstood; a Tory Professor called it a mere theological seminary; others have described it as the Keble College of Dissenters. The narrative of Dr. Dale and Mr. Selbie will dispel these errors. They tell us that it is meant to serve the purposes of a Theological Faculty for the "free churches," and of a centre of worship for their academic members. The guiding ideas of the College are to be found in Principal Fairbairn's inaugural address, and in a sermon by Dr. Dale. Dr. Fairbairn meets the question—"What is Mansfield College?" by asking, "What is the University?" and in a vivid sketch traces its history from its rise in the intellectual impulses of the twelfth century through various changes, now narrowing, now enlarging its borders, to the enfranchising Act of 1870.

Turning to the question, "How maintain religion in a University?" he insists that a University is a place not only for education, but for the promotion of knowledge. It is not the seminary of a sect, nor the nursery of a nobility: it must welcome all classes, and not try to enforce a uniform religious life. Is the religious life then to perish of disuse? The answer (for part at least of the nation) lies in the foundation of Mansfield College. Its aim is similar to that of earlier foundations for special studies. It is founded for the patient and scientific pursuit of theology, not abstracted either from humane learning or from the religious life, but as a free study on the basis of a religious society. Dr. Dale's sermon takes up and develops this principle. The necessity of the religious life on the basis of theological speculation, the necessity of scientific study as the condition of a wholesome and liberal theology—a theology of a people and not of an order—these are the main points which he enforces. Dr. Dale's fervid words suggest several questions: what are the limits within which it is true that speculation and inquiry cannot alter the fundamental religious ideas? or again, what shall be the criterion of creeds when the appeal is made to the individual

religious experience? But we must leave these, and pass to the more immediate inquiry which this volume suggests: What will be the future of Mansfield College? We may take for granted that it will raise the intellectual standard of the Congregational ministry, and promote theological study among the "free churches." What will it do for the religious life of Oxford?

At this moment the dominant religious influence in Oxford is that of the High Church party. There are indeed able and scholarly theologians who have done and are doing much to promote the liberal study of theology. The late Dr. Hatch was one, and Professors Cheyne, Driver, and Sanday, are still at work, but their influence is more upon students than upon the mass of men. The High Church party have the advantage of being a compact body with definite aims and an organised system. The Broad Church movement has modified other parties, but it has failed to pass beyond the critical stage; it has had little influence on men in the mass, and it has never been constructive. The chief religious power rests with the party which has produced "Lux Mundi," a party of strong organisation, some scholarship, great personal devotion, but wanting in wide outlook, and in the last resort clerical and not national, nor likely to command the allegiance of the nation. We venture to hope that the new Theological Faculty, drawing widely as it does from the "free churches" of England, and the English-speaking world, may strengthen in Oxford a school of religious thought which hitherto, from want of expression and concentration, has failed to exert its proper influence. It may afford a new rallying-point to men of religious instincts, whose interest is not in the distinctions of creeds but in the unity of the religious life. Such men form a large part of the laity of the Church of England, but their voice is not heard in her councils, and the guidance of her policy is in other hands. She is passing into the control of a party which, by insisting on externals, bids fair to alienate the mass of the people. On the other hand, the scientific movement of the time has produced in certain minds a negative attitude which threatens the religious life altogether. If religion is still to sway the lives of the English people, some middle way is needed. It is the merit of the free churches that, in spite of limited education and defects in polity, they have in great measure met this want. And now, while they gain from their new surroundings a finer culture and a stronger sympathy with historic institutions, they will enlarge the views of the society into which they come, and give strength and perhaps a new direction to its studies. The Theological School as it exists in Oxford leaves much to be desired—it is narrow, and it is incomplete. The best hope for the religious future of the University lies in the growth of a religious society which shall be neither clerical nor sectarian, but shall unite the scientific study of theology with a vigorous and expansive religious life. How much Mansfield College will contribute to this issue must depend largely on the wisdom of its governors. It is true, as many writers in this volume state, that its foundation marks the triumph of a more liberal spirit in religion. But we cannot ignore the fact that the College has its own limitations, and that its Professors are free only within the articles of its charter.

We find no written constitution in the volume before us, but if we may judge by the spirit of Dr. Fairbairn's address, the College will be governed in the interests of peace and knowledge, as a modest and not a militant society. It is too late now to hope for outward union among the churches, but it will be an incalculable gain to the nation if they can learn to know one another. It was fitting that the Master of Balliol, who through fifty years of religious change in Oxford has preached peace among the churches, should give the new college his blessing, as a means to the promotion of "a common spirit . . . a spirit which recognises a great common principle of religious truth and morality."

XENOPHON'S LIFE AND WORKS.

THE WORKS OF XENOPHON. Translated by H. G. Dakyns. In four vols. Vol. I. *Hellenica*, Books I. and II., and *Anabasis*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

MR. DAKYNS' love of Xenophon is no new caprice. Some ten years ago he contributed to Mr. Evelyn Abbott's "*Hellenica*" not the least brilliant of the essays in that delightful volume, and gave a sketch of the life and works of the "Hellenic Havelock." Now he has girded himself up for the task of translating afresh the whole of these works into English. The labour has not been undertaken lightly. Any fourth-form schoolboy can translate Xenophon—after a fashion. But Mr. Dakyns aims at

giving a version which shall really reproduce something of the same impression as the writing of Xenophon left upon his readers in Athens, and he is well aware of the difficulty of his attempt. It would perhaps be an easier one if it seemed more difficult. The witchery and sweetness of the style must be preserved, and the main tissue of the stuff must be good current English. But along with this there must be a delicate embroidery of words which, if not archaic, have at least an archaic suspicion about them. And, on the other hand, there must be not a few touches to show how the purity of Xenophon's Attic suffered during his long absence from the centre of refined elegance, and how he often departed from his country's usage in the more delicate shades of speech. Mr. Dakyns has been conscious of his duty, and has bravely, and on the whole with great success, struggled with it. Whether he has been wisely advised in beginning with the historically earliest, and by far the most interesting portions of Xenophon, is another question. He may well find the enthusiasm which has carried him through the spirited first two books of the *Hellenics*, and the romantic and exciting adventures of the *Anabasis*, flag when he has to deal with the dreariness of so much of the *Cyropaedia*, and the deadly dullness of the later *Hellenics*. But these things lie in the hands of the gods, and so far the translator has contrived to be both vigorous and accurate.

But before we reach the translation we have to make our way through an introduction. The manner in which this is arranged is by no means satisfactory. First we have a sort of history of opinion about Xenophon, beginning with Aristotle and going down to Bacon, the form lending itself to a good deal of discursiveness, which is not spared. Then follow notes and discussions on points of interest in his life; and finally a sketch of the life. Some part of this has been carelessly revised, especially in the notes—Ephorus the historian is assigned to B.C. 407; Demarchus the orator, of whom "we know that he did not begin to plead till 336," is represented as "flourishing" in 361; Diocles, "in the days of Nero," is assigned to A.D. 100. One of the most ingenious and vigorous of modern scholars has deserved a better fate than to be disguised as "Wilamowitz-Molland;" and "Regiment Borussorum" is not at once recognised as *Königsberg*. It is a more serious fault that this sketch is confessedly fragmentary. Mr. Dakyns gives a life in some seventy pages, exclusive of the prefatory notes, and then tells us that it is no part of his intention at present to attempt to estimate the political position of Xenophon either as a citizen or as a historian of the time, nor to give any account of what he oddly calls his "spiritual quality."

"Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut iam nunc dicat iam nunc debentia dici."

A reader has just reason for complaint, if he is given the *Anabasis* and the better part of the *Hellenics*, and is told that he shall be instructed as to the standpoint of the author when the fourth volume appears. A reviewer has hardly less reason for grumbling, if he feels debarred from criticising the more general views on the plea of their admitted incompleteness, and is driven back either upon the details of the biography, with its many obscure points, or upon verbal criticisms of the translation. It may be noted, however, that Mr. Dakyns discusses with fulness and with judgment the time and the cause of Xenophon's banishment, and gives strong reasons for rejecting Mr. Grote's view, that it only followed after the battle of Coronea. As to the general picture which he gives of his hero's character, the colours are a little too dazzling, and the shades forgotten. We have much as to "his patient courage, his healthy human-heartedness, his painstaking carefulness, his noble ambition, and his reverential piety." The only qualifying touch is that he was "to some extent dipsychic, and the cherisher of incompatible desires." We have no reference to the vanity and selfishness, the blind partisanship, the disloyalty to his country, and even to his comrades, of which critics have found not a few traces. He is everywhere taken at his own valuation; and no hint is given of his practice of suppressing unwelcome facts, which is undeniable in the *Hellenics*, and which has been more than suspected in the *Anabasis*. In short, he is still—as in the essay in the "*Hellenica*"—the glory of the beautiful and brave Hellenic culture, a "very perfect gentle knight," instead of being rather an average type of the Athenian gentleman in his weakness as well as in his strength.

But to return to the translation, it is really a sound and excellent piece of work. Of course there are instances where the note is forced. One who knows what a "truckle-bed" is, will wonder how the Greeks happened to have them in Paphlagonia. "In front of his team" would be better rendered "in defence of" it.

"Escorting" is not the function of the soothsayer, but rather sending a man on his way. Xenophon himself would not put his own election to a vote, but someone else would, as he plainly says. And he did not wish to be "the discoverer of some blessing" for the army, but the doer of some service. (In § 28 has not *ταχὺ* been confused with *τάχα*?) "Insisting on the propriety of his undertaking the command" is surely no improvement on "saying that he must be their general." But these are the only points on which criticism can be offered on an average passage (Book vi., c. 1), and a careful examination of some longer pieces shows nothing of more serious importance. Naturally Mr. Dakyns is baffled by the untranslatable *καλός*; but one can hardly fancy Theramenes describing his victorious rival as "the lovely Critias." He might have solved the doubts expressed in the note on p. 15 by referring to Mommsen's "Roman Provinces," ii., pp. 6 and 84. But, on the whole, the book deserves a hearty welcome, and all good wishes for the speedy fulfilment of a task which will not grow lighter or more attractive as it nears completion.

DEAN KITCHIN'S "WINCHESTER."

HISTORIC TOWN SERIES: WINCHESTER. By G. W. Kitchin, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

THE history of Winchester, which has been given to us by the Dean of its Cathedral, is a book full of lively interest. It is written, not only with much learning, but with warm sympathy and feeling for a past full of great events. Its rapid narrative, its wealth of delightful stories, its vivid portraiture of character, its generous judgments, its picturesque incidents, carry the reader on with unflagging pleasure. When he lays down the book he can scarcely find it in his heart to complain that he has been thus absorbed in the history, not of Winchester, but of the bishops and monks of Winchester.

It may perhaps seem impossible to tell the tale of Winchester town. The poor little city lay crushed in between mighty forces that hemmed it in on every side. Its borders were apparently marked out by the great square formed by the town walls and ditch, but to the mayor and aldermen of the fifteenth century the idea that their authority should reach as far as the limits allowed by the girth of the walls would have seemed a far-off counsel of perfection. Right across the city, from the East to the West Gates, stretched the High Street, breaking the town into two equal halves. To the south of the High Street one may say roughly that the mayor had no authority at all. Near the West Gate stood the king's castle, where the Court came too often for the town's wealth, where the king's Judges sat at the town's expense, and where Parliaments were held. Then came the great convent of St. Swithun and the Cathedral, fenced round by a wall which shut out all lay intrusion and jurisdiction. Nearer to the East Gate lay the Palace of the Bishop, who ruled with supreme authority over the Bishop's Soke that stretched away beyond the gate, and who took tolls of the merchandise that travelled along the river.

To the north of the High Street there was more opportunity for the mayor and his council. The settlement of tanners and fullers near the East Gate, the shops and stalls and houses that bordered the High Street and the narrow lanes that opened from it, owned their sway. But of this northern section of the town more than half was given up to fields and gardens; the shops and houses of traders and artisans formed, speaking quite roughly, but a narrow settlement of houses that gathered closely along the central street. And a part even of this tiny district was wholly withdrawn from the city jurisdiction. The queens, whose "morning gift" Winchester so often was lived "tax-free" in the Queen's House, opposite the King's Palace near the West Gate, and took rent and profit from the row of Queen's stalls on the High Street. Right in the middle of the town, just opposite the Guildhall, was the liberty of Godbeate—a church, house, and precinct in the High Street—which defied the writ of the king or the authority of the city, and remained subject only to St. Swithun's, while its church formed a sanctuary for ill-doers. Then came a group of poor houses depending also on St. Swithun's, and then the settlements of the Franciscans and the Dominicans. All this had to be taken out of the mayor's jurisdiction, besides the Bishop's Soke. Moreover, once a year, when the great fair took place, all authority whatever over the whole town passed from the mayor to the bishop while the fair lasted, and all rents were given into his hands.

The town had not even control of its own gates. The bishop had charge of one; two were in the hands of the convent, which in times of civil war could freely admit within the city walls the armies of the side opposed to the townsfolk. The market dues—or a very large proportion of them—were not, as in other towns, the property of the corporation, but were handed over to the king. The Mayor of Winchester alone among the mayors of English towns in the fifteenth century had to go to London to take his oath of office. At home he was beset with dangers; he might be imprisoned by the king for one offence, by the bishop for another. He could win neither freedom nor independence. The very curfew bell rang out from land that defied his authority.

Against such odds it was almost hopeless for the corporation to make a fight. The townsfolk could but show their restlessness in petty quarrels as to their right of using the site of the New Minster for a market; or they could blindly do battle for worthless kings, Henry III. or Edward II., because the convent took up the opposite party, sharing in this the tactics of a far-off community of burgesses at Norwich, where, as at Winchester, the monks took part with Simon de Montfort, and the people with the king. The battle for independence in more favoured towns was certainly far richer in stirring and amusing incidents; but that there should have been any fight at all is a striking instance of the marvellous vitality and persistence of municipal institutions. And even the very quiescence and final apathy of Winchester has its own lessons for the student. It would be interesting, for instance, to trace how far it suffered from the connection with Southampton, and what influence this had on the fashioning of its municipal government. Southampton had an unfortunate history and a bad tradition; its growth in free government was checked by hostile circumstances. But some curious likenesses in their constitutions and forms of government show how the two towns learned of one another. The influence lasted long, for the one rough effort at reform which was made in Southampton in the middle of the fifteenth century seems to have ended in the adoption of Winchester methods of choosing the mayor, which were certainly not worth the copying. It is possible that an account of the relation of the two towns might illustrate in a curious way the depressing effect which one mediaeval borough could have on another, just as the story of Sandwich or Lynn shows how stimulating at times such influence could be.

The effects of a maimed and imperfect freedom were always disastrous and far-reaching, and there is not a single instance of an English town which remained in a state of dependence, and which was yet really prosperous in trade. Success and emancipation went hand in hand. Winchester is no exception; at the time when prosperity was everywhere increasing, its fortunes steadily sank. The reasons given by Dean Kitchin are scarcely enough to account for its troubles, and perhaps some might be suggested closely connected with its government. Was there any other town of equal importance in the fifteenth century in which the King's Chamberlain and the King's Clerk of the Market collected dues and controlled markets in the interest of the king? And how far did the poverty of the town treasury, when all the king's moneys had been handed over, force a system of over-taxation which sorely burdened its trades? for we must remember over how small an area, and from how limited a population, it had to gather its taxes. Dean Kitchin mentions as a happy circumstance for the town that the Italian merchants driven from London in 1546 came to settle there. They did indeed take "grete old mansions," and put the owners to heavy expenses for repairs; but they seem never to have occupied them after all. They left the big empty houses to go to Southampton, and Winchester was none the better. Was this move suggested by the dangers that might come to them in a town that had never been allowed powers to govern and defend and deal fairly by its own townsfolk?

There are many questions of internal development, and various interesting problems of government and administration, which Dean Kitchin has scarcely touched; nor has he indeed fully used the materials which exist in the municipal records (as we learn from the Historical Manuscripts Commission), and which throw some light on the fortunes and history of the town, as distinguished from St. Swithun's and the Cathedral. He has possibly judged that the general interest in these matters is slight; in any case, the plan of his book, which gives, perhaps, thirty pages to the account of municipal life through its most critical period of growth and activity from the reign of Henry I. to that of Henry VII., scarcely leaves space for any real account of that curious and chequered history. The series of "Historic Towns," interesting and useful as it is, has not, so far, thrown much new light on municipal institutions; and that subject still waits for fuller treatment.

A FRENCH KING'S PARTNER.

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES, MARQUISE DE MONCEAUX, DUCHESSE DE BEAUFORT. Par Desclozeaux. Paris. 1889.

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES is one of those remarkable women common in French, but almost unknown in English, history, who, neither wife nor maid, exercised a large influence over political affairs, and modified the restrictions of the Salic law. A native of Picardy, whether actually born there or not, she came of a tumultuous race, and shared with her mother the unenviable *sobriquet* of the seven capital sins. Her temper was as sweet as her face was beautiful. In a period of fierce conflict she spread around her an atmosphere of peace and reconciliation. Henry IV. met her for the first time in 1590, the second year of his reign, in her own castle of Cœuvres. She was then seventeen years old, with golden hair and a skin of dazzling whiteness. Henry had been separated from his wife, Marguerite of Valois ("la reine Margot"), for several years, and was practically a widower. The following year Gabrielle visited the king at the siege of Chartres. From that time, apparently, she became his mistress. This fact, however, did not prevent her from marrying Nicolas d'Amerval, an ugly little hunchback, in June, 1592. Her father perhaps preferred that she should be the wife of a gentleman rather than the mistress of a king. After three months of a very unhappy union she left her husband and joined the king, never again to be dissevered from him. If any accident happened to keep them apart, Henry used to write to her as often as Goethe wrote to Frau von Stein; but only twenty-eight of these letters remain.

At the commencement of their union Gabrielle was eighteen and Henry thirty-nine. We cannot therefore be surprised to find in their early letters some expressions of jealousy, and some impatience at her unpunctuality in travelling and carelessness in answering the king's letters. These clouds soon disappeared, especially after the birth of her son César, Duc de Vendôme. The king's affection grew stronger to the day of her death. The union with Gabrielle marks the time when Henry bought Paris by a mass. She made her solemn entry into the capital, so dazzling with pearls and diamonds, and with her own beauty, that even the very torches paled before her. A step was taken towards the legitimization of César by the divorce of Gabrielle from her decrepit husband. It was not meet that Aurora should be mated with Tithonus. It was in her presence that the king was stabbed, a few days after his arrival in Paris, by a beardless youth, Jean Chastel, a pupil and emissary of the Jesuits, who for his crime was first hung and then burned in the Place de Grève.

Gabrielle was now the recognised mistress of the king; César, her son, was formally legitimated. One of her first acts was to reconcile her royal master with the Papacy. Clement VIII. was, with some difficulty, persuaded to remove the ban which Sixtus V. had imposed upon the heretic. She also brought about an agreement between the King of France and Mayenne, the leader of the League. Nowhere, perhaps, did the brilliancy of the new Court exhibit itself more clearly than at Rouen during the meeting of the Notables there in 1596. Gabrielle arrived some days before the king, and was lodged in the palace of the Abbot of St. Ouen. She was treated like a queen during the five months of her stay. Here she was delivered of a daughter. The highest ladies of the Court paid her every distinction, which she received with becoming modesty; but the people were discontented with this unsanctified marriage, and the Cathedral Chapter declined to give her the Sacrament. The festivities there begun were continued in Paris with equal splendour. In the full tide of gaiety, at a mid-Lent ball, Henry was informed of the taking of Amiens by the Spaniards, which had taken place the day before. The town had been surprised on Sunday while the people, who had refused a garrison which Henry had offered them, were hearing a sermon. The king cried, "I have played King of France long enough. It is now time to play the King of Navarre!" Gabrielle burst into tears, but he said to her, "My mistress, we must mount our horses to make a new war." He left Paris that very day. Gabrielle herself contributed all her private funds to the expenses of the war, and marched with the troops some hours before the king. The siege was long, and the town did not fall till the end of September. In recognition of her services thus rendered, the king created the Duchy of Beaufort into a fief for herself and her son. The next step was to find him a wife. He was created Duc de Vendôme, and at the tender age of four was contracted in marriage to Frances of Lorraine, the daughter of the Duc de Mercœur, brother-in-law of Henry III. The bride was only a few months older than her husband. The

betrothal of the two children took place at the castle of Angers, in the presence of the nobility of Brittany and of the foreign ambassadors. At Nantes Gabrielle gave birth to a second son, Alexandre. Notwithstanding his warlike name, he became *Grand Prieur* of France. With rising prosperity the tenderness of Gabrielle's nature asserted itself more pre-eminently. She was the moving cause of the Edict of Nantes, which established peace between Catholics and Protestants. It was issued on June 13, 1598, but was not registered by the Parliament of Paris until a few weeks before her death.

Henry earnestly desired to marry his mistress, to make her Queen of France, and to place her children on the throne. Gabrielle was, naturally, not less eager. She did her best to ingratiate herself with all parties. It was necessary that the king should first be divorced from his wife Margot, and this could only be done by the Pope. The most strenuous efforts were made to influence the Vatican. Henry hoped to celebrate his marriage on Quasimodo, the first Sunday after Easter, April 18, 1599. All preparations were made in case of the king's death. Biron was to be Constable of the Kingdom. César, when heir to the throne, was to marry the daughter of the Duke of Savoy. But powerful antagonists were working for a marriage between Henry and Mary of Médicis. Gabrielle was very superstitious. It was predicted that she should never marry the king. One night at Fontainebleau they had a terrible dream. Gabrielle dreamed that she was consumed with fire; the king dreamed at the same time that he saw her die. Waking with horror, they communicated their visions to each other.

The catastrophe was now near at hand. The Church told them that they must separate before their marriage. Gabrielle left Fontainebleau with a heavy heart. They supped together at Melun, and slept at Savigny. Next day the king accompanied her to the banks of the Seine, where she embarked. At the last moment he wished to take her back to Fontainebleau, but he tore himself from her arms. She arrived at Paris at three in the afternoon. Leaving the gay crowd who met her, she went to dine at the house of Sebastien Zamet, a banker and an agent of the Medici. Here she ate a lemon, from the effects of which she never recovered. The next day, Wednesday, she went to hear the Tenebræ service at the church of the Petit Saint Antoine. She left the church very ill, and soon after had a fit. On Thursday she was well enough to go to Mass; but in the afternoon she was much worse, and the pains of child-birth came on. On Friday she was delivered of a dead child, and at five o'clock on Saturday morning she expired.

Such is the story told by M. Desclozeaux in a book of which one does not know whether most to admire the charm or the erudition.

CHINESE SYMBOLISM.

ANCIENT SYMBOLISM AMONG THE CHINESE. By Joseph Edkins, D.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

SYMBOLISM is, like faith, the evidence of things not seen, and, apart from its religious development, finds its first and most congenial surroundings among primitive peoples. It belongs to the pre-scientific age of communities, to the ballad-singing period, and is an attempt to satisfy the imaginative cravings of the human mind. It follows, therefore, that it finds its highest development among the most imaginative races; as, for instance, among the Aryan populations of India, Greece, and Rome. The Chinese are not so gifted. They are essentially a prosaic people, and are mainly indebted for their mythological and symbolic ideas to the more poetically minded natives of India. Their symbolism connected with the stars bears a strong trace of Indian origin, and the dragon, the symbol of Imperial power, is distinctly an Indian creature. This last, however, though possibly eventually derived from the same source, enters into the mythology of almost every country of the old world. It appears as a symbol of sin at a very early period, and among some Celtic peoples is used as an equivalent to "chief," as in the title of Pen-dragon, which was applied to those who were appointed in times of danger to act as saviours of society. Dragons were also sometimes the guardians of ladies in distress, and at other times the ravagers of districts. To kill one of these last monsters after the manner of St. George was in Europe to qualify for admission into the calendar of saints, and in China to be enrolled among the heroes of mankind. Among the Chinese, too, the belief that inundations are due to the action of dragons is as rife now as it was among the Greeks, who credited Apoll'o with the destruction of the serpent Python, and among the

Gauls when St. Romanus saved the city of Rouen from being overwhelmed in a flood by smiting the dragon Gargouille.

But it is curious to observe that not only has the imagination of the Chinese been called into play to surround the dragon with weird characteristics, but their ignorance of history has been enlisted to the same end. For instance, in the passage from "Yih-King"—the oldest book of the Chinese—quoted by Dr. Edkins, the author, or authors, of the work would have us believe that when "the dragon is seen in the fields" it augurs well for the State. But in this passage, as is frequently the case in ancient Chinese literature, the word *Lung* (Dragon) is not to be translated, but is to be understood as the eponym of one of the largest aboriginal tribes of China. These people, the *Lungs*, occupied a considerable territory in the neighbourhood of the modern province of Szech'uen, in a part of the country where there are numerous petroleum wells. In reference to this feature of their surroundings we have it stated in Chinese books of authority that "Water puts out man's fire, but feeds the Lungs' fire." Not understanding the reference to these ancient people, the Chinese commentators pin their faith to the assertion that "Water puts out man's fire, but feeds dragons' fire."

Another of the sacred animals of China is the tortoise. The great age to which this creature lives makes it a favourite emblem of longevity, hence also of anything which it is desired to preserve, and so figures of it commonly form the pedestals of monumental slabs. But in ancient times their shells were used for purposes of divination. These were scorched over a fire to bring out the internal markings, by the symbolism of which the fates of empires and of individuals were foretold.

As Carlyle very truly says in his "Sartor Resartus"—"In the symbol proper . . . there is even, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible and, as it were, attainable then. By symbols accordingly man is guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. . . . It is in and through symbols that man consciously or unconsciously lives, works, and has his being."

And though the Infinite appears less in Chinese symbolism than in that of most other people, it unquestionably stands revealed in the symbolism of their sacrifices and of some of the phenomena of Nature. We trace it in the dragon, in the Chi-lin, or unicorn deer, and in the calendar trees—all of which Dr. Edkins describes and enlarges upon.

The Chi-lin was a symbol of nobleness and gentleness, and Dr. Edkins very aptly compares it with Wordsworth's White Doe of Rylstone—

"Most beautiful, most clearly white,
A radiant creature, silver bright."

One of these mystic animals appeared to Confucius to announce the decadence of the Empire, and another, some centuries later, presented itself before the Emperor Han Wu-ti to herald a return of prosperity.

Like almost everything symbolical in China, the idea of the calendar tree is borrowed from abroad. We are familiar with it on the Babylonian monuments, at a date anterior to its appearance in Chinese mythology. The earliest account we have of it in China occurs in a work which may probably have been written in about the eighth century before Christ. There we are told that "when the Emperor Yao had been on the throne seventy years . . . a kind of plant . . . grew on each side of the palace stairs. On the first day of the month it grew a pod, and so on, every day a pod, to the last day of the month; and if the month was a short one (of twenty-nine days), one pod shrivelled up, without falling." The parallelism between this description and the common representations of the tree in the Babylonian sculptures is too complete to allow of any other theory than that one was borrowed from the other. In a paper in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* Professor Terrien de Lacouperie also points out a curious resemblance between the mystic tree of immortality, which grew in the Chinese Elysium of the west, and the Babylonian Kin-tree which flourished in the sacred garden of Ea. The tree of immortality is described as having been composed of the finest sort of jade, the Chinese name for which is *yuh*, or, as it was pronounced in ancient times, *ok*. In the liturgical hymns of Babylon we find this mention of the tree which stood in the sacred garden—

"(In) Eridnu a *kin* tree grew overshadowing; in a holy place did it become green:
Its root was of *uknu* stone, which stretched towards the deep."

The *uknu* stone was, we are told, a gem of great value, and its connection with the sacred trees of the country suggests, in view of the recognised relation between the two languages, that the resemblance in the names is more than a chance coincidence.

Dr. Edkins's monograph is too sketchy to be of permanent value, and occasionally his "fancy flutters with the wildest wing," but there is a considerable amount of information in it, and the subject is one which is of more than ordinary interest.

HALF A DOZEN NOVELS.

1. THE WILD RUTHVENS. A Home Story. By Curtis Yorke. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1889.
2. DANIELE CORTIS. A Novel. Translated from the Italian of Antonio Fogazzarro by Stephen Louis Simeon. London: Remington & Co. 1890.
3. ONLY A SISTER? A Tale of To-day. By Walter Adams Wallace. London: Roper & Drowley.
4. LOOKING FORWARD; OR, THE DIOTHAS. By Ismar Thiusen. London & New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.
5. BY THE WORLD FORGOT. By E. J. Clayden. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1890.
6. TWO WOMEN OR ONE? From the MSS. of Dr. Leonard Benary. By Henry Harland. Cassell & Co., Limited. 1890.

"THE WILD RUTHVENS" were cruel cad\$ who struck their sisters, and behaved like pigs at meal-times. They were old enough to have known better, for the eldest boy was fifteen. It is hard to sympathise with them as much as their historian seems to expect. One can sympathise with hot temper, and admire high spirits; but, however evil their temper, however maniacal their spirits, it is almost impossible to feel either sympathy or admiration for contemptible and filthy cowards. On rare occasions they showed penitence and some symptoms of decent feeling; and the boys were not all equally objectionable; but we do not think they would have enjoyed their first term at a public school. The author appears to know astonishingly little about boys; and it is owing perhaps to this ignorance that the effect produced by the book is so different from the effect intended. The girls of the Ruthven family are, however, much more like life than the boys. Violet Ruthven is fairly well drawn, and is a pleasing character. Less pleasing is the invalid who comes to stay with the family. He is the heroic invalid; the kind is common in novels, but this is an unusually well-marked specimen. He reclines constantly, and is very noble; his disease is spinal; his moans are "low, inarticulate." There are two varieties of heroic invalid. One variety dies—on a June evening for preference—with a good audience and heaps of hyphens. The other variety, as in this case, gets better and marries. Both are heroic enough to be irritating. We feel absolutely certain that it would relieve them to indulge in a good British grumble, and no one is fatuous enough to misunderstand the grumbling of an invalid; yet they never do grumble, and they allow themselves only one kind of moan.

A great genius never dies; he is translated, and Mr. Simeon appears to us in "Daniele Cortis" to assign too high a place to the translator. Mr. Simeon's name appears on the back of the book as the author. It is only on the title-page that the name of Antonio Fogazzarro is mentioned at all; and even then it is printed in smaller type than the name of the translator. This arrangement does not seem to us to be quite modest on the part of Mr. Simeon. The translator really bears about the same relation to the author that a bricklayer's labourer bears to the architect. If Mr. Simeon had forgotten to mention that "Daniele Cortis" was a translation, it is to be feared that the average English novel-reader would only have discovered the omission by noticing that some of the sentences were not English. The name of the Italian novelist and poet is not as well known here as it deserves to be. Although "Daniele Cortis" has been translated before—in an abbreviated form—we know of no English version of any of the author's other works. The book shows us how heroic a thing it is not to commit adultery. To our bourgeois insular minds such abstinence may seem merely ordinary and decent; and if we may judge from the literature of another nation, it may possibly seem to them contemptible. But, whether we like the subject or not, the strength and skill of the author are indisputable. The characters are fresh, natural, and clearly depicted. The story, even in the political part, is of great interest, and the conclusion is pathetic and unconventional. Perhaps the most admirable piece of work is the sketch of the hero's mother. The signora was a terrible woman, but in these pages

she lives. It is rarely that one meets anything in fiction so vivid and real. We cannot say that this is altogether a wholesome book. It is very far from it. But the average English novelist might learn much from reading it.

It would be easy enough to find fault with "Only a Sister?" It contains misquotations, although it may be the printer who is responsible for such astounding nonsense as—

"τὰ θυγὰ τοιαύτ' οὐδεν ἐνταύτῃ μινει."

If one can see how ἐν ταύτῃ became "ενταύτῃ," then "οὐδεν" and "μινει" present no difficulty; but the printer should certainly be condemned to spend the rest of his life in trying to pronounce "θυγὰ." There are eight mistakes in the printing of one line; and, as the translation is appended, it might have been better not to have attempted the original. Again, one cares very little for the humour which renders "quibus essem confectus" by "and I should have had my goose cooked by this;" and, to come to more important points, some of the incidents are improbable enough to be absurd; and the story is melodramatic. But, with these and other faults, "Only a Sister?" is nevertheless a most promising book. In the delineation of some of the characters—notably in the doctor and the curate—Mr. Wallace shows such a rare insight into human nature, and such a rare power of describing things as they really are, that we are surprised the book is not much better than it is. In the conversations throughout there is the same disregard of literary convention; they are remarkable for their brightness, and fidelity to nature. Yet we are sorry that he insists so much on the wit of his wits. We do not say that Mr. Wallace does not occasionally take a high note well, but we frequently notice the effort, and sometimes he is distinctly flat. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Wallace is familiar with the works of Mr. George Meredith; there is a similarity between the methods of the two authors. The book appears to have been written easily; it is full of spirit and interest, and we certainly think that its merits outweigh its faults.

"Looking Forward" is the book which Mr. Stead has selected for presentation in a condensed form in this month's number of the *Review of Reviews*. The book distinctly gains by condensation. It is no light matter to wade through three hundred and fifty-eight pages of uninspired prophecy, even when it deals with electricity, and is helped along by a weak little story. We recommend the ordinary every-day reader not to try to understand the names, because he will find the attempt both irritating and useless. A name like Estne Quidam makes him certain that the rest must be diseased Latin; but on finding that the day is divided into ten parts, and that each part is called a *meris*, he bethinks him that a few of them may be a painfully afflicted Greek. He may be right; and a few more may be deformed Hebrew or delirious Japanese. But it was in the Greek tongue that we found our chiefest solace. It was there that we discovered one satisfying explanation of the author's assumed name, Ismar Thiusen. We will give the explanation, and trust that no philologist is looking. Ismar is obviously Ἰσμη, which means knowledge. Thiusen is θεῖος. This is less obvious, and we frankly own that phonetic putrefaction has set in to a terrible extent. Now θεῖος may mean either brimstone-like or divine; and no one who reads "Looking Forward" will credit the author with divine knowledge. But knowledge which is connected with brimstone may yet be supernatural. Our own opinion is that this is one of the least inspired works that we have read for some time; but we freely present to all admirers of Ismar Thiusen our scholarly hypothesis as to the meaning of his name. It is quite a pity that he should have upset so satisfying an explanation by a remark which he makes on page 34 of his book.

It is a dull book. We cannot sympathise with the author's ideals. We cannot believe that our children's children's remotest progeny will ever so far disgrace themselves as to eat mutton-chops composed of chemicals, or drink tinted sherbet. If we cannot have the electric currie without these things—and we own that we would like such a conveyance—we will cheerfully resign the electric currie. There is something within us—something far higher than mere logic or reasoned truth—which protests against that tinted sherbet.

When "Looking Forward" was first published, in 1883, a reviewer in a well-known weekly said that it suggested a comparison with Lord Lytton's book—a comparison which it would hardly bear. After the lapse of six years we are willing to confirm that opinion.

Miss Clayden's story, in which we learn how slanderous tongues wrought almost irreparable harm to the heroine, and well-nigh wrecked both her happiness and the hero's, is presumably a first effort in fiction, and as such it is full of promise.

It is written in good English, in a quiet pleasant style, and though the characters, as might be expected in the case of a young writer, are somewhat conventional, the heroine is drawn with so much skill as to be really fascinating and lovable—a rare quality in heroines nowadays. We shall look for more work from Miss Clayden.

A practised pen has Mr. Henry Harland, an admirable style, and a vivid imagination. In "Two Women or One?" he has given us a psychological problem, the interest of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. How Dr. Benary, an English physician living in an American city, rescues a woman who has just escaped from a convict prison, to which she has been deservedly committed for crimes the full extent of which is not revealed to the reader, and how, by means of a slight operation discovered by himself, the worthy doctor obliterates from this woman's mind the memory of her past life, and makes her, as it were, a child again, we learn in these pages; together with all that follows the transformation of the beautiful but abandoned criminal into the sweet and innocent heroine, who wins a good man's love and worthily retains it, until the crisis and catastrophe of the tale is reached. Mr. Harland is bold and original in his treatment of his theme, and writes with a consistent power which justifies the reputation he already enjoys in America, and will soon, it is to be hoped, acquire on this side of the Atlantic.

By the way, his dedication, which is in very neat verse, is to "—— Esq.," a somewhat vague direction; but we imagine that very few of our readers will be in doubt as to the identity of the man described in these lines:—

"Wit, poet, scholar, that you are,
And skilful story-teller too,
And theologian and critic true,
And mainstay of the —— Review."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

It is positively refreshing, in these days, when coarse animalism on the one hand, and dismal theological controversy on the other, have combined to rob the modern novel of half its old romance, to come across a story written with refined simplicity and marked to a quite noteworthy degree by imaginative insight. "A Lover of the Beautiful" is, we believe, the first attempt which the Marchioness of Carmarthen has made in fiction, and therefore we are glad to be able to add that, short and simple as the story is, it touches a level of thought and expression which is not often reached in tentative efforts in literature. The interest of the book does not gather around exciting or dramatic incidents; indeed, it would scarcely be possible to imagine a tale less elaborate in construction or, for the matter of that, less indebted to outward events of any kind. Such charm as the story possesses is centred in that inner world of thought and passion, of victory and defeat, out of which springs the glory or the shame of life. Guido della Verazia was an artist of commanding gifts, who was so incomparably superior to his brother painters in Rome that it never occurred to any of them to envy him. He is described as a "curious combination of philosopher, idealist, and atheist," a man, however, who was nothing if not earnest, and who was consumed with the longing for perfection in the mastery of his art. Although for delicate and perfect workmanship their like had scarcely been seen in Italy in this century, people did not care for Della Verazia's pictures, even though they were unable to point out any definite faults in them. Proud, sensitive, ambitious, the young artist vainly endeavoured to conceal his chagrin by the expression of a lofty contempt for the common verdict. Conte Fabei, one of the most carefully drawn portraits in the book, understood Della Verazia better than the latter understood himself, and his dry humour is in fine contrast with the dreamy charm which otherwise pervades the entire book. The heroine, Amore da Costa, was the only child of the Cavaliere da Costa, a man of ancient lineage but comparative poverty, who lived in contented retirement on a vine-clad hill in the Levantine Riviera. Out of a chance encounter springs a friendship between Guido and Amore, and the artist gains permission to paint the Madonna-like face of a girl who comes nearer to his conception of ideal beauty than any woman he has ever seen. When Guido meets Amore, she is a girl of one-and-twenty, who knows nothing of the world, and who is not less lovely in character than in person. Her parents cherished the hope that she would marry her cousin Silvano, a light-hearted, handsome young nobleman, but at the same time they

* A LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL: a Study. By Katherine Carmarthen. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

NATIVE LIFE IN SOUTH INDIA. By the Rev. Henry Rice, of Madras. Illustrated. London: The Religious Tract Society. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

JOHN HANNAH: a Clerical Study. By J. H. Overton, Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Epworth. Portrait. London: Rivingtons. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

TALES AND LEGENDS FROM THE LAND OF THE Tzar. Translated from the original Russian by Edith M. S. Hodgetts. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

INFLUENZA AND COMMON COLDS. By W. T. Fernie, M.D. London: Percival & Co. 18mo. (2s.)

were determined not to sacrifice their child's affections to any mere *mariage de convenance*. We cannot pretend to follow the story further, much less to describe the brave efforts which Amore, when she became Guido's bride, made to realise her husband's dreams about her. "She is in love with him," said Conte Fabei to himself the first time he saw them together, "and she is intensely, pathetically human. Can she draw him down to her warmer level, or will he succeed in raising her up to his?" These words hint at the unsuspected tragedy of two lives, and they reveal also the burden of the book. Amore worshipped her "Ice King," and hungered wistfully precisely for that simple human tenderness which Guido, wrapped up in his transcendental dreams, and absorbed in that great picture of "Dante and Beatrice" which was to immortalise his wife's unfathomable eyes and spiritual face, was pitifully unconscious that he was withholding. The closing pages of the book are charged with intense feeling, and the pathos of this powerful "study" of life grows complete with the opening of the Gate Beautiful to the white-souled Amore, and the awakening as it closed behind her to fierce and unavailing regret of a noble heart which had been preoccupied rather than unkind. The fascination of the story lies in the delicate and suggestive grace in which an experience common, alas! in real life as well as in fiction, is portrayed.

The object which Mr. Rice has set himself, in a volume of one hundred and sixty pages, entitled "Native Life in South India," is to give a short, but not superficial, account of the social and religious characteristics of the native races of South India. The book is the outcome of a residence of eighteen years, during which period Mr. Rice moved freely amongst all classes of the people, and took careful notes of what he saw and heard. The various castes and sects are briefly described, and the manners and customs of the Hindus are cleverly depicted. Mr. Rice has collected a good deal of curious information concerning Hindu jugglers, demon-worship, omens and superstitions, and the ceremonies in vogue at marriages and funerals. He extols the perseverance of the people, their filial devotion, their fidelity as servants, their power of self-restraint, and their kindness to animals. On the other hand, honesty and truth cannot be said to be prominent traits, at all events amongst the rank and file of the people; whilst their love of display and of money is proverbial. In the concluding chapters of the book a cheering account will be found of the spread of education within recent years, and the growth of missionary activity. A dark feature in the picture, however, which Mr. Rice draws, is the increase of religious indifference on the one hand, and the vice of intemperance on the other. The manuscript of his book was read by an educated Brahmin of rank, who vouches for the general accuracy of the statements concerning native manners and customs.

The story of Archdeacon Hannah's manly, earnest, and influential life is pleasantly told by his friend Canon Overton in a monograph of some two hundred and forty pages. The son of a Wesleyan minister, who was twice President of the Conference, "John Hannah" won a scholarship at Corpus Christi, Oxford, and three years later he was elected a Fellow of Lincoln. Whilst at the University he was known as a shy, scholarly recluse; and his tutor, Mr. Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, described him as "one of my last and best pupils." After his ordination, he held for a couple of years a college living in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and during this time was regarded as the chief "science and logic coach" in the University. In 1847 he was elected Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, although men like the late Dr. Mansel, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's; Mr. George Rawlinson, now Canon of Canterbury; and the late Sir Francis Sandford, of the Education Department, were candidates for the position. He was under thirty years of age, and his appearance was almost juvenile. "I was amused," wrote Bishop Jerrot to him, soon after he went to Edinburgh, "by an expression of one of the Portobello flock, who told me yesterday that they had a fine lad with them on Sunday. 'A fine lad!' I said: 'why, he's a first-class man.'" Dr. Hannah keenly enjoyed the intellectual society of Edinburgh, and amongst his most intimate friends at this period were Sir William Hamilton, Dean Ramsay, Professor Dunbar, and Lord Cockburn, whilst his success in the management and discipline of a school of three hundred lads was greater than his best friends had ventured to hope. In 1854 he was offered and accepted the post of Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, and in that "Highland paradise" he remained until 1870, when he became Vicar of Brighton, a position which he held until his death in the early summer of 1888. At Glenalmond Dr. Hannah did a notable work, and the place became under his wise direction a nursery of the Scotch Church as well as a public school of the highest class. His administrative ability, his learning, and his persuasiveness as a preacher, enabled him to bring about a "peaceful revolution in the condition of the Church in that town." He found Brighton one unwieldy overgrown parish; he left it "well ordered, with many independent centres of parochial life." The book contains, though chiefly in the way of passing allusion, some interesting side-lights on the ecclesiastical controversies and movements of the time.

Students of folk-lore, and indeed all who appreciate fairy stories of the old-fashioned orthodox kind, ought not to overlook "Tales and Legends from the Land of the Tzar." Miss Hodgetts was born in Russia, and spent her childhood there, and many of these tales were related to her by the servants in her father's household, whilst others were dictated to her in the original, at school. The rest are translations made in later years from various collections of stories current

among the Russian peasantry. The Russian story-teller, according to Miss Hodgetts, is extremely fond of the marvellous, and has the knack of relating the most startling episodes in a matter-of-fact and ordinary way. The stories themselves, however, are by no means commonplace, though it is not difficult to trace their kinship to the nursery tales dear for centuries to the hearts of English childhood. At the same time many of them are racy of the soil, and there is plenty of dry humour in them, though, as Miss Hodgetts observes, "It is not always easy to know whether Ivan is laughing at, or with, you." These old tales and legends have been cleverly re-set in quaint and homely English, and the book altogether is marked by considerable freshness and fancy.

Somewhat late in the day, Dr. Fernie has written a popular exposition of the causes, character, and treatment of "Influenza." He states that the notion that climate, weather, or season is responsible for the epidemic is disproved by numerous facts. In 1837, for example, the disease prevailed at the same time—and consequently at exactly opposite seasons—in the northern and southern hemispheres; in other words, it raged simultaneously during mid-winter in England and at mid-summer at the Cape of Good Hope. The outbreak which now fortunately appears to have spent its force, first manifested itself at St. Petersburg in the middle of October, and within a month the malady had spread itself over nearly the whole of Russia. Not content with its triumphs in the Northern Empire, the "lightning-cold," as the Germans term it, invaded Berlin at the end of November and claimed many victims before Christmas Day, when it began to turn its attention to Brussels and Antwerp. The gaiety of Paris was also half eclipsed in the closing weeks of the year by the onslaught of "la grippe," as the French term it; and those who fled in dismay to the Riviera made the unwelcome discovery that even there they could not escape its clutches. Madrid and Rome were next honoured with a visit, before the cruel disorder entrenched itself in our midst, with London for its headquarters. All this is a matter of recent history, and we shudder at the remembrance of it. It is more important—since prevention is better than cure—to know how to ward off the subtle attacks of this crafty foe; and on this point Dr. Fernie has some practical hints to offer. Not less to the purpose is the advice which is given in these pages concerning that ailment which is usually described as merely "a common cold." There is a touch of pleasant humour in the book, though Dr. Fernie is not at all inclined to dismiss influenza as a laughing matter.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890.

NOTICE.

THE SPEAKER of *Saturday next, April 5th, will contain an important article by the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, on "The Pitt-Rutland Correspondence."*

NOTES OF THE DAY.

MR. BALFOUR's speech on Monday—on his proposals for Irish Land Purchase we have commented elsewhere—was a remarkable illustration of the purely negative and critical quality of his mind. It was absolutely wanting not only in those graces of illustration and ornament with which MR. GLADSTONE, for instance, used to make his Budget schemes attractive to the listener, but even in the power of presenting a definite and comprehensive view of a mass of details. He gave the impression of having only imperfectly grasped the scheme himself in its actual fulness. We suspect that it is mainly the work of MR. GOSCHEN, who, whatever may be said of him in other respects, has not only a highly ingenious but a constructive mind. The House listened with growing perplexity, the Tory party wishing to encourage their leader, but not following him sufficiently to be able to judge when they ought to cheer. Some of the Liberals were inclined to murmur at MR. GLADSTONE's remarks as too indulgent. But they will not find that this old-fashioned and graceful courtesy of manner will prevent him from applying a drastic and penetrating criticism when the measure comes up for its second reading.

THE House of Commons is showing visible signs of exhaustion. On Tuesday evening the numbers voting on MR. MUNDELLA's motion on the education difficulty at York and Salisbury were in no way commensurate to the importance of the question, and the House was counted out at a quarter past nine. On Wednesday there was a slight reaction, and business commenced only half an hour late, instead of an hour, as was the case on the two previous Wednesdays. The fact is that, except on the greater questions, no debate can now possess more than an academic interest, and members are far more interested in preparation for the General Election than in listening to speeches on foregone conclusions. For anything like despatch of business we must wait till after the next General Election—probably, indeed, till Irish business, and perhaps Scotch business, are transferred to assemblies competent to deal with them—and then at last we shall get to adequate legislation for England.

SPEAKING at the National Liberal Club last Monday night, MR. GLADSTONE, after a passing glance at the suicidal folly of the House of Lords in undertaking to pronounce censure on a particular portion of the House of Commons, proceeded to deal with the Commission Report. The Commissioners, he said, had "made one very great mistake, one that entailed all the other mistakes, and this was the mistake of consenting to be members of such a Commission." They

had to try matters which were not for judges but for a jury to determine. They had decided the case upon half the evidence, and arrived at a judgment which did justice to neither side. But the House of Commons had no such excuse; the functions of that House were remedial, not vindictive, and the vote of censure passed upon the Irish members was really passed on the Irish nation by the authors of that nation's wrongs. If the constituencies can approve such practices, they are little worthy of the franchise they have obtained; but the approach of the day that dooms such practices is visibly at hand.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN made a remarkable speech at Birmingham on Monday on the subject of Egypt—a country from which he has but recently returned. He declared that, like the rest of MR. GLADSTONE's Cabinet at the time, he regretted intensely the occupation of Egypt by English troops; but he went on to state that having seen what were the results of this occupation, and what was the nature of the task we had undertaken, as well as the progress we had made towards its accomplishment, he had changed his mind, so far as an early evacuation of the country was concerned. What a pity it is that both he and LORD HARTINGTON did not change their minds a little earlier! Then, indeed, we might have avoided the almost incalculable mischief which was wrought by the well-known "six months" speech of LORD HARTINGTON on the subject of the evacuation. Besides, now that MR. CHAMBERLAIN has seen fit to revert to the question of Egypt, would it not be well if he and his Unionist colleagues in the Government of 1880 were to tell the public of the inner life of the Cabinet of that time, and were to relieve MR. GLADSTONE at least of their own fair share of the odium which they have quietly left the Liberal leader to bear for them?

MR. MUNDELLA on Tuesday called the attention of the House of Commons to the scandalous state of things in regard to education which at present exists, under the auspices of the Education Department, in York and Salisbury. In both places the School Boards seem to be acting, not in the interests of education, but in those of the Church schools. Unfortunately, they have the support of the Education Department, where for the present the denominational schools find a favour which is hardly consistent with the principles of MR. FORSTER's great Act. Only a General Election and a change in the head of the Education Department will secure for the citizens of York and Salisbury the rights to which they are entitled under the measure of 1870.

WE cannot understand the tactics, practised not for the first time, on Friday last, of the Liberal leaders in the House of Lords in refusing to divide against resolutions they disapprove. Everybody knows that they are in an extremely small minority. No one thinks the less, but rather the more of them, for adhering to their opinions and defending them in debate against so large a majority. What possible harm

can it do the Liberal cause if they are seen to muster only thirty or so in the lobby? The sooner the country realises that the House of Lords has become a mere Tory Club, the better prospect is there of its being firmly dealt with.

THE result of the Ayr Election is a disappointment—even though it was foreseen by most Liberals. Without referring to any of those special circumstances connected with the cause of the vacancy, which go far to explain the defeat of MR. ROUTLEDGE, we would merely point to the fact that the result of this election is infinitely more favourable to the Liberal party than was that for the same constituency in 1886; and that if the increase of Liberal strength which has been shown in the Ayr Burghs between 1886 and 1890 were to be general, the result of the next General Election would be to give MR. GLADSTONE a large working majority in the House of Commons. It is difficult in these circumstances to see much ground for Tory exultation in the result.

NEW writs for Carnarvon and Windsor were issued on Wednesday, and the elections may be expected to take place about the end of next week. For Windsor no better candidate could have been found than MR. W. H. GRENFELL—a renowned athlete and oarsman, a resident in the county, and probably, especially if other things besides athletics are taken into account, the best all-round man in existence. At Carnarvon, two prominent local Conservatives refused to stand, and an unsuccessful, and apparently not altogether unanimous, attempt was then made to secure MR. MARCHANT WILLIAMS, secretary of the Eisteddfod, formerly a Radical and Methodist, now a Unionist and Anglican. On his refusal, MR. ELLIS NANNY, who had previously declined, consented to come forward. He was a candidate in 1885 for the Eifion Division, speaks Welsh, and possesses great influence in the remotest part of the district. But it is not very likely that his efforts will meet with success—especially in the face of Welsh opinion on the Tithes Bill.

FEW things are more noticeable about English education at the present time than the tendency to extend the collegiate system. Following the example of St. Mary's and other hospitals, the authorities of Guy's have just added a residence for students, which was opened on Wednesday by the Senior Governor, MR. GLADSTONE, whose term of office dates from 1833. He dealt effectively with the growth of the recognition and importance assigned to the profession—dating as to its surgical branch only from the beginning of the present century—and specially commended the financial skill of the arrangement under which the funds for the new building have been provided. Whether the collegiate system is not being somewhat overdone at Oxford and elsewhere, may perhaps be doubted, but there must be an immense educational advantage, in a hospital so largely concerned with accidents, in having students close to their cases.

THE trouble which we predicted some weeks ago is beginning to show itself in Newfoundland. The inhabitants of the colony strongly object to the *modus vivendi* which has been arrived at by the English and French Governments on the subject of the lobster fisheries, and they are openly refusing to carry out the agreement made on their behalf by the authorities at home. Whilst some are content simply to declare their determination not to obey the Government, others are openly calling for annexation to the United States—apparently under the belief that the American Government will show itself less regardful of Treaty obligations than the English. The whole question is a most serious one, even threatening the mainten-

ance of peace, and it demands for its solution the exercise of the highest qualities of statesmanship, both in London and Paris.

BERLIN has continued to be the chief centre of political interest during the week. The compliments paid with so much ostentation to the PRINCE OF WALES have naturally occupied the first place in the *Court Circular* record of life in the German capital. There can be no doubt that the Emperor is sincerely anxious to proclaim to the world at large the strength and reality of his alliance with this country, and the removal of any causes of difference with our Royal Family, and so far the demonstrations in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES have real importance. But they pale into insignificance beside the real demonstration of which Berlin has been the scene during the week. The resignation of PRINCE BISMARCK—which it is now clear was hardly a voluntary act on the Chancellor's part—is an event the immense political importance of which it takes time fully to appreciate. Certainly there has been little in the newspaper comments upon it to suggest that the writers see clearly what the future of Germany—and of Europe—without BISMARCK is likely to be.

THAT the Chancellor's retirement was really due to the initiative of the Emperor is now evident. Probably, as HERR GEORGE VON BUNSEN suggests in the article we publish elsewhere, it was the outcome of a personal struggle between the two men, which has been gradually increasing in acuteness for some time past. To the English mind, trained in constitutionalism, it seems strange indeed that the will of a monarch who has reigned for but a few months should suffice to put an end to the public career of the most powerful of living statesmen, and that the German people as a whole should acquiesce in this Imperial decree with apparent apathy. Only the other day PRINCE BISMARCK stood on a pinnacle of fame and power the security of which one hardly dared to question; but in a moment he has fallen from it, and not a hand has been lifted to avert the catastrophe. It is well to remember that in this case the engineer has been hoist by his own petard. For years past the German Chancellor has preached the doctrine of the supremacy of the monarch's will—that will which was for so many years under his own absolute control—and he cannot complain if the nation which he has trained to the habit of submissive obedience obeys now when that will is put forth against himself.

PERHAPS the most striking picture of the mind of the Emperor which has been given to us during the week is that which is presented by his telegram to a friend at Weimar. In its youthful exultation, its identification of his own impulses with the Divine Will, its all-absorbing egotism, it is a perfect specimen of the utterances of a young Cæsar. "I have indeed gone through bitter experiences," writes the Emperor, "and have passed many painful hours. My heart is as sorrowful as if I had again lost my grandfather! But it is so appointed to me by God, and it has to be borne, even though I should fall under the burden. The post of officer of the watch on the ship of the State has fallen to my lot. Her course remains the same, so now full steam ahead!"

THE retirement of COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK from the head of the Foreign Office, the ex-Chancellor's refusal of the high territorial title of DUKE OF LAUENBERG, and many other incidents reported during the week, show the temper in which the BISMARCK family have met their fall. It is to be regretted that there should have been any want of personal dignity on the part of actors so great

in a drama so momentous, and we would fain hope that much of the gossip current is gossip merely. What one cannot help wondering is, whether during the past week PRINCE BISMARCK has found time to recall the memory of HARRY VON ARNIM, the brilliant but too vain diplomatist, whom he ruined with so little ruth, as the penalty of his audacity in daring to aspire to be the Chancellor's successor.

SOME of the decisions said to have been arrived at by the Labour Conference have been made public during the week. So far as they go they chiefly suffice to show how far behind this country in social and industrial legislation Germany now is, and how little our delegates can have to learn at Berlin. The Conference, it is said, proposes to forbid work in mines to women and children under fourteen, to allow child-work in factories only when the school years are over, to prohibit the employment of children at night in unhealthy occupations, or for more than six hours a day, and to make Sunday a day of rest.

WE publish elsewhere a letter from SIR WALTER FOSTER calling attention to the newly-formed association for the protection of rural voters. No association is more urgently needed than this, if the tyranny of the organised boycotting of the Primrose League is to be effectually met. That particular kind of boycotting has for its ultimate sanction—not outrage, but starvation. Thousands of rural voters in all parts of England know that to vote against the opinions of the Primrose Dames and their chivalrous squires will be to deprive themselves and their children of bread. It is to defend the weak and helpless among the village labourers of England that the new association has been formed, and we commend it most strongly to the support of our readers.

THE further accounts of the massacre of exiles at Yakutsk, in Siberia, given in the *Daily News* of Tuesday last, and in PRINCE KRAPOTKIN'S letter to the *Times* of Monday, indicate that the Nihilistic printing press and the conspiracy of exiles alleged in excuse were inventions on the part of the Russian authorities. The massacre was really due to incapacity, blundering, and panic. The new Vice-Governor—stricter and less able than his humane predecessor—thinking Yakutsk too full of political exiles, hurried off several of them on a journey of two thousand miles at the least desirable season for travelling, and without allowing sufficient time to make provision for the journey, or a sufficient allowance. On their protesting and petitioning, they were ordered to assemble, to receive their reply, at the lodging of one of them. The numbers who came—thirty-six in all, male and female—alarmed the authorities, and a subordinate ordered them to the police office. On their momentary hesitation, due to the conflicting orders, they were attacked by two companies of soldiers. They defended themselves with pistols; four exiles were killed, and nine severely wounded. An "inquiry" was afterwards held, at which the accused were not allowed to defend themselves; and one witness asked the Court whom he was expected to recognise. Three were hanged, and sixteen—including a woman—condemned to various terms of penal servitude.

THIS Russian story, while it does not point to deliberate atrocity, illustrates on a large scale the kind of faults inevitable in the management of political offenders. Indeed, in the blundering of incapable officials, the uncertainty as to responsibility, the panic, and the provocation of armed resistance, we seem to see, much intensified, the same features as led to the disaster at Mitchelstown.

THE Home Secretary deserves great credit for two steps he has taken during the past week. The first is the appointment of MR. BRIDGE as the successor of the late SIR JAMES INGHAM in the office of Chief Metropolitan Police Magistrate, and the second is the release of GEORGE HARRISON, the man convicted of an assault upon the police at the time of the Trafalgar Square riots, on whom the atrocious sentence of five years' penal servitude had been passed. There is no question as to the pre-eminent fitness of MR. BRIDGE for the honourable and responsible post to which he has now been promoted. He is one of the few magistrates who have satisfied both justice and public opinion during his career on the bench, and his firmness, fairness, and independence ought to be of great service in the future. As for HARRISON, he was the victim of that discreditable panic—industriously stimulated for party purposes—into which London allowed itself to fall in November, 1887. It is not pleasant to reflect upon the fact that at that time even Liberal journals, and Liberal statesmen remained silent whilst the authorities, in the oft-abused name of "order," were allowed to indulge in measures of almost brutal repression. It is doubtful whether HARRISON ought ever to have been imprisoned at all; it is quite certain that he ought to have been released eighteen months ago. Still we must be thankful that at last the Home Secretary has exercised his prerogative, and that the man is once more at liberty.

THE apprehensions excited by PRINCE BISMARCK'S resignation, the difficulties of the Berlin Bourse, the crisis in the Argentine Republic, and reported failures in South Africa, have all greatly depressed the Stock Exchange this week. On Tuesday there was an especially heavy fall in Argentine and Brazilian securities of all kinds, railway stocks falling sharply. On that day and since there has also been a very serious fall in South African gold, diamond, and land shares, in nitrate shares, and even in home railway stocks. The American Market, too, has been dull and inactive. Operators in Berlin have been selling, upon a very large scale, everything for which there was a market either in London, Paris, or Amsterdam. Argentine operators, too, have been selling largely, the number of failures occurring weekly in the Republic being unusually large. And investors here appear to have become alarmed, and to be throwing their investments upon the market at any sacrifice. Trade, however, continues to improve, in spite of the coal strike and several local strikes, especially that in Liverpool. The railway traffic returns issued this week are very good, and the reports from all the great manufacturing districts are satisfactory. It is a favourable feature, too, that speculation in commodities has not revived with the decline in the rates of interest and discount.

THE discount rate of the Bank of England remains at 4 per cent., although the rate in the open market has fallen to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the Bank's reserve is very strong. The directors, however, know that the danger of withdrawals of gold upon a very extensive scale exists. The Berlin Bourse is in a very difficult position, and apparently a crash in Berlin is rapidly approaching. They have, therefore, wisely decided to do nothing that would make withdrawals of the metal more easy. At the fortnightly settlement, which began on Wednesday, the demand for loans was very small. Practically, speculation for the rise has come to an end, and it is found that there is a considerable speculation for the fall in international securities, especially Italian, Hungarian, Spanish, and Portuguese bonds, and in Argentine and Brazilian bonds and shares. Yet, partly owing to the settlement, and partly to the collection of the revenue, the supply of loanable capital in the market was so short that bill-brokers and discount houses have had to borrow large amounts from the Bank of England at 4 per cent.

FIRST THOUGHTS ON THE LAND BILL.

WHY have the Government brought in a Bill for the purchase of land in Ireland at all? In 1886 there were sound reasons of State policy. The Cabinet of 1886 proposed measures for the better government of Ireland, which involved the erection of an Irish Parliament. The land being, from well-known causes, the great arena of social war in Ireland, Ministers judged that it would be unfair to this new Irish Government with all its inexperience, and amid all the difficulties inseparable from any new system, to leave this burning question to confront, excite, and bewilder on the very threshold of the newly opened Parliament House. Secondly, they judged it to be a duty of obligation and of honour, to stand by rights and interests of landlords which Parliament had recognised, and even recently created; and that a refusal by the Imperial Parliament to afford means of protecting them would most undoubtedly, and not without reason, encourage a view in Ireland that what Great Britain had not thought worth securing, Ireland need not think worth regarding. People may differ as to the force of these two reasons, but let their weight be adequate or inadequate, at any rate, they furnished a plausible justification for bringing forward the measure which was turned into so insidious a weapon of attack, both by the Tories and the Liberal seceders of that day.

Where is the justification now? We are assured that coercion has wrought its perfect work, and that Ireland has been restored to complete tranquillity. Then why proceed to turn the land system upside-down? Why perturb the mind of every peasant whose landlord, by declining to sell, will force him to pay from 20 to 40 per cent. more rent than his neighbour across the road, who has been able to take advantage of the Act? Land purchase with the assent of Irish opinion, with the co-operation or approval of Irish leaders, and as part of a political settlement, we understand; but land purchase on lines rejected by the popular leaders, and protested against by the "garrison" landlords—what is the policy of it?

Let us, however, accept the assumption of the Government that for the ends of statesmanship purchase is expedient. Then the question is whether the proposals for carrying it out are statesmanlike proposals, or mere quackery. First, on the point of the security for the thirty-three millions of advance. The complicated details of the security we are not yet in a position, without the text of the Bill, to examine. The very complexity will create an uneasy feeling that a scheme which requires so extraordinary an apparatus of checks, balances, and counter-checks, must contain a good many dangerous elements. It is well enough to tell us that it is nothing short of a mathematical impossibility that this or that ultimate contingency will ever arise, but statesmen may be trusted not to go out of their way to provide for mathematical impossibilities. If a provision is made in the Bill for a contingency, that provision must be examined.

One of the most extraordinary proposals announced on Monday is that before the contingent, as distinguished from the cash portion of the guarantee fund, is touched, the grand jury are by compulsory presentment to raise from the locality a tax equal to the amount which it is proposed to take from that fund. What does this mean? That if certain tenants to whom their landlords have sold their holdings fail to pay their instalments, that default shall, under certain circumstances, be made good by neighbouring tenants, who have not been lucky enough to get a chance of buying, and by shopkeepers and other persons in the county. The tenant of a landlord who refuses to sell is to lose the immense reduction of annual payment and its total disappearance at the end of 49 years, and into the bargain he is to be liable in a given event for the default of his luckier neighbour. Schemes have been proposed, giving a locality a direct interest in the collection of the instalments, and where

this was a common advantage we might have admitted common liability. But on what principle, we should like to know, are Irish ratepayers to be forced to undertake liabilities for other people's debts, which the British taxpayer vows that no power on earth will ever induce him to touch with his little finger?

The same injustice, at once shabby and violent, marks the proposal to impound the probate duty and license duties as a portion of the Guarantee Fund. In this country the proceeds of these duties go to the relief of the ratepayers at large. What right has Great Britain to hypothecate, for the benefit of the Treasury and of a certain fortunate section of Irish tenants, a fund which in England and Scotland is available for the purposes of the whole community in these two kingdoms? Why should not Ireland have the same power of disposal over her share of probate duty as England and Scotland have over their shares?

Another security is the right of the Exchequer, in case the Irish purchasers make default, to impound the Imperial contributions for purposes of education and poor law. That is to say, if the purchasing tenants in Kerry do not pay their instalments, the British Government will make the default good by stopping its contribution to the Kerry workhouses and the Kerry schools. In other words, the paupers and the children all over the county are to suffer because certain favoured peasants cannot, or will not, pay what they owe. The folly of the statesman who proposes such a plan could only be surpassed by a statesman who should ever try to carry it out.

This is the radical flaw in the measure, which pervades every part of it. All are made answerable for what only benefits some. Neither the country nor any other authority has any direct interest of its own in the bargain being kept. Why should so immense an operation be performed without giving Ireland as a whole some benefit from it, and some interest in it? In the Bill of 1886 the Irish authority was to derive a substantial and appreciable share of the profit arising out of British credit. That share was terminable, no doubt, but it lasted as long as the risk lasted, and it gave the Irish authority a sharp interest, so long as debts were outstanding from the purchasers to the Treasury, in getting these debts in. The Bill of 1886 recognised, though not to the full extent, the wise and just principle that the Irish tenant should get no benefit from the transaction beyond a certain reduction of his annual payment, and that all further benefit derivable from the transaction should be applied for public purposes in Ireland.

It has always been agreed that the congested districts on the west coast of Ireland demand special treatment—that "broad fringe of misery," as Lord Dufferin once described it, "which no alteration in the land laws can effectually ameliorate." The extinction of rent would do little. A rent of £5 is a halfpenny a day per head for a family of seven persons; and relief from it would not give the family an extra daily meal. You want a redistribution of population and consolidation of holdings. Everybody has said that much, though some have been for emigration as the remedy, and others for migration. Whatever the best remedy, or, if you like, the least dangerous palliative, it is certain that the process will be as delicate and ticklish a one as was ever taken in hand. Who will have the best chance of conducting it with success? By the Bill of 1886 the State authority was in the rest of Ireland to be merely the vehicle of the operation of sale and purchase; and the tenant became the owner; but in the congested districts the State authority was to be not only the vehicle of sale, but was to become the proprietor. In other words, the Irish national Government would have had full power, in dealing with these miserable districts, to act as national judgment and experience should dictate, with the favour of national sentiment to back them. What does the Bill of 1890 propose? It entrusts this delicate and ticklish process to a Board, which will have a Chief Secretary at its head—never

an Irishman, and for most of his time absent from Ireland—or, in his absence, the permanent head of Dublin Castle, and which will have no single Nationalist representative among its members—if for no other reason, because no Nationalist will have anything to do with so obnoxious a piece of machinery. The task of “lifting” a population, so peculiar in ideas, sentiments, and deep-rooted habits as that of the west of Ireland, would be difficult enough for an Irish Government under the proposals of 1886: under the bureaucratic proposals of 1890 it is the most hopeless scheme that was ever propounded by a clever man trying to govern a country out of his own head. Let us say, further, that no plan which does not contain powers for the compulsory expropriation (at a fair price) of bad landlords who are centres of disturbance, is worth a straw. These powers were not actually taken in the Bill of 1886, but in introducing the Bill the Prime Minister announced that the matter was only reserved for some future consideration.

Mr. Gladstone was quite right in speaking of Mr. Balfour's speech and his Bill with courtesy and with reserve. Measures of wide scope proposed by responsible Ministers are entitled to this treatment in the first instance. But the speech, though as lucid as the intricacy of the matter allowed, showed that the Irish Minister had neither any very evident confidence in his scheme, nor any real grasp and mastery of it. As for statesmanship in any original or constructive sense, there is not a trace of it. The plan for the congested districts is moonshine; the elaborate paraphernalia of security are a mockery and a snare; and, except in the one particular of the ownership vesting at once without inquiry into title, we fail to see any material improvement either in principle or detail upon the Ashbourne Act. Even from the Government point of view, it would have been a hundred times more sensible to be content with asking Parliament for another five or ten millions for the further purposes of that Act, and nothing else.

“FULL STEAM AHEAD!”

IT is impossible for anyone who has passed his youth to read the telegram addressed by the German Emperor to his friend at Weimar without being struck by a sense of pathos. “So now full steam ahead,” are the words in which the master of the greatest nation of the Continent ends the brief message in which he tells his friend that the ship has lost the pilot who so long guided its course. It is youth *in excelsis* which speaks these words; youth with its confident forward gaze, its brilliant hopes, its glorious illusions. To older men, even to those who have least liking for the main features of Prince Bismarck's policy, the retirement of that great man seems an event the gravity of which it is well-nigh impossible to over-estimate and few are those who, having seen much of life, can look at the future which is now opening for us without anxious forebodings. But there are no forebodings in the Emperor's breast. All that he sees is that the hand which has hitherto curbed his inclinations, and hindered him upon his course, has been removed; the break is taken off; and “so now full steam ahead.” Recognising as we do most fully the generous impulses of William II., and believing as we also do that it is a happy augury for the world that one occupying such a position should show himself thus eager to face the graver duties and more weighty responsibilities of his station, we cannot but feel that in this cry of exultation sounds the voice of inexperience. The Emperor may reach in safety the exalted goal which he has set before his eyes; he may inscribe his name among the great benefactors of his race; may leave the world more than a little better for his labours. All this we trust may come to pass; yet when we think of the many difficulties and dangers which beset the course he has

marked out for himself, and remember all those chilling disappointments which await every man who embarks upon a serious mission of reform, we cannot but feel a profound compassion for the young monarch who, in the greatest crisis of his public life, can think only of the future, and rally his comrades to the cry of “Full steam ahead!”

It is the cry of youth; and it is one which is heard in other lands besides Germany. Here, too, we have in the ranks of the Liberal party many an ardent young soul, burning with a sense of the greatness of the mission entrusted to it, in which the words of the German Emperor will awaken an echo. We are passing into the era of social reform, one for which men have long hoped and prayed, but which, now that it is seemingly close at hand, inspires almost as many fears as hopes among those who have learned wisdom in the hard ways of life. It is only among those who are new to the conflict that there is this impatient longing to do something, and at once to redress those monstrous inequalities which for ages have weighed upon the conscience of mankind. “Full steam ahead!” is an admirable cry when the course is clear, when every rock and shoal is marked on the chart, and the entrance to the desired haven lies full in view. But when the mists gather over unknown seas, and chart and compass are of no avail in pointing to the road of safety, “Full steam ahead!” may merely be the order which leads direct to shipwreck. The truth is so trite that one is almost ashamed to reiterate it; but unquestionably we live in times when this impatience to be up and doing, noble though it may be, is so excessive that no words of caution can be altogether needless.

The German Emperor's Congress on the labour question was a noble inspiration, and it may be one from which results altogether blessed may accrue to many generations yet unborn. But already its author has learned that no man can embark upon a voyage of this kind without having to pay his passage-money. The Labour Congress, or rather the impulse which gave birth to it, has already cost the Emperor William his most trusted adviser, and the Continent its ablest statesman. And who can tell as yet whether it *will* result in substantial good to mankind at large? Nay, who will say that such good, should it indeed be achieved, might not have been secured by means less striking, perhaps, but none the less sure, which would not have entailed that European convulsion—for such in fact it is—that attends the disappearance of Prince Bismarck from the scene? Here, among English Liberals of a certain class, the same feeling of impatience which stirs in the breast of the German Emperor displays itself in bitter girdings at Mr. Gladstone, because he will not be turned aside from the great purpose which now animates his life, to discuss the “social question” in one or other of its thousand different aspects, whenever he opens his mouth in public. He has been chidden almost rudely because in his speech at the National Liberal Club, on Monday night, he placed the Irish Question, and the wrong done to the Irish people and their representatives, before every other topic. “Is this the way to win votes?” cry those who apparently think that the English elector can only be moved by a direct appeal to his self-interest. Mr. Gladstone, who does not believe in the selfishness of the people, will yet brilliantly answer this question, by showing that when a great and powerful nation has once committed itself to a cause which is that of the weak against the strong, of justice against injustice, of the oppressed against the oppressor, it does not allow itself to be turned from the task to which it has devoted itself by considerations that mainly affect its own material interests. “Full steam ahead!” for the Liberal party at this moment, if it meant the abandonment of Ireland to the sway of coercion, would mean also the shipwreck and destruction of English Liberalism.

But whilst cautions against an impatience which might mar all the best efforts of our statesmen are manifestly needed here as well as in Germany, it is not less necessary

to protest against the spirit which can see nothing to admire, nothing to excite sympathy, in those new movements in favour of social reform which are spreading so widely over Europe. The era of social reform is at our doors, and woe to the party which shows that it is incapable of meeting it in a spirit of intelligent sympathy. We refuse to believe that English Liberals will be found less ready to attack the great problems which are beginning to demand a solution than are their political rivals. All the traditions, all the instincts, of Liberalism must be falsified before such a state of things as this could come to pass. It is true that many remedies are being proposed which run counter to recognised Liberal principles; it is true that we are urged to drive the ship at full speed through waters practically unexplored, where rocks and shoals abound. But these are merely the indiscretions of youth. The great fact remains that the rising generation, of which William II. is now the foremost spokesman, is in earnest in its desire to grapple with the miseries of society—with the poverty and wretchedness which are the life-long lot of so large a proportion of mankind. It is surely the business of our statesmen, and above all of our Liberal statesmen, to recognise this determination on the part of the new generation, and without allowing themselves to be diverted from those great political reforms which must precede and pave the way for any measures of social reform, to show that their attitude towards the latter is one of friendliness and sympathy, and that they are ready to join in the free and full discussion of our social evils and the various remedies suggested for them.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

SELDOM has a debate on a great subject been shorter, slighter, and flatter than that after which the House of Commons, by a majority of 201 against 139, refused to declare against the hereditary character of the House of Lords. Even Mr. Labouchere's ingenuity could find little that was new to say on a subject he had three times already brought before the House. No member of the Government, no leader of the Opposition intervened, and the defence of the Lords was left entirely to Mr. George Curzon, whose speech, though much better in taste and manner than that which he delivered on the same subject last November, had about it a debating-society quality and a lack of close thinking disappointing in the most engaging and perhaps the most promising of the coming men of the Tory party. Everyone seems to have felt that the question will go no further in this present Parliament, and that it would be waste of time to address arguments to a body which will give no effect to any opinions it may entertain. In this respect the highly perfunctory character of the whole performance, which lasted some two hours only, was significant. Apparently the question of dealing with the House of Lords will now stand over till it is raised in a practical form by some collision between the Houses such as will not arise while a Tory Government is in power.

Yet this determination to postpone the question is due to no belief that it will solve itself, or pass away if it is let alone. The most heedless politician knows that so soon as the House of Commons is again swayed by a Radical majority—an event all but certain to arrive within some thirty months—there will be collisions between the Houses, and that these collisions will soon be made by that majority an occasion for striking at the House of Lords itself. And the most bigoted Conservative knows that the House of Lords as at present constituted is absolutely indefensible. From Lord Salisbury down to Alderman Fowler, no one can be found to maintain that its present constitution is theoretically good, or works well in practice. The confessions of such defenders as Mr. Curzon, the fact that the present Government

have themselves attempted to amend it, though for their own practical purposes it is everything they can desire, are more eloquent than all the declamations of its adversaries. Why then is nothing done to improve the golden moments that remain before the inevitable collision comes? Why do not the Liberal party press for a reform which might seem to be to their advantage, the necessity for which is admitted, and which can be better debated now than when men's minds are excited by conflict? It might be peacefully carried by a Tory Government, whereas in the hands of a Liberal Government it is sure to excite strong opposition. Why do not the Tory party, professing themselves the defenders of the Lords and the upholders of the ancient constitution in all its main lines, repair this dangerous leak in the ship while the weather is still calm, knowing that it may be too late when the next gale is on her? If the Upper House is, as the Tories maintain, loved and valued by the bulk of the nation, although exposed by certain defects to the attacks of revolutionists, a wise statesman would seize the opportunity of removing those defects and enabling the institution to resist the hotter onslaughts which it has to expect. Why then, we repeat, does neither party do what the interests of each seem, though for different reasons, to prescribe?

The Liberals do not press for a reform because they do not know what reform they want. Some, like Mr. Bernard Coleridge, wish to destroy not only the House of Lords but the Second Chamber, that is, to have no Second Chamber at all. In their view, one House is enough, and the only result of having another would be to check and thwart the wishes of the people; an assumption which is supported by no arguments, but seems to spring out of the association which has been created by the past action of the House of Lords between any Upper House and anti-popular proclivities. A larger section of the Liberal party, to which apparently Lord Rosebery belongs, consider some sort of Second Chamber necessary for the safe working of representative institutions, and appeal to the all but universal practice of other free countries. But what the composition and functions of this Second Chamber should be is a point on which the greatest possible diversity of view exists. Some of the more cautious or timid men would be content with a limitation of the hereditary element in the present House of Lords, and the infusion of a certain number of Crown nominees and perhaps also of a few elected members. Others hold that nothing less than a complete reconstruction would be of any use, such a reconstruction as would purge away the hereditary element altogether, and give us an elective House, deriving, like the United States Senate, its mandate from the people. So too, as respects functions, some reformers desire a weak House, which, should do nothing more than criticise the details of bills, and perhaps interpose a little delay; while others think that the House of Commons needs the check of a chamber invested with considerable, though not co-ordinate authority. A party so divided in its own opinions cannot commit itself to specific proposals. The Radical majority do not care for any but a radical reform. They know that such a reform has no chance of being accepted by the present Parliament: and they think that the longer the present unsatisfactory state of things lasts, the better will the prospect be of either destroying or entirely transforming the present Upper House.

It is less easy to understand why the Tory party do not seize the last chance they may have of setting their favourite chamber on a foundation firmer than that whereon it now stands. Two years ago Lord Salisbury made an attempt, but one so feeble and illusory that it was received with general ridicule, and is not likely to be repeated. Last year, when the Government were challenged in debate to undertake the task in a serious spirit, Mr. Balfour made an even more than usually negative and captious speech, which gave Parliament to understand that the Cabinet, not seeing what it had best do, and seeing that the continuance of the

Lords as at present will be very embarrassing to a Liberal Government, was resolved to let things go on as they are doing. Such a cynical and unpatriotic policy is too habitual to Lord Salisbury and his nephew to excite any surprise. Their silence in the debate of last Friday makes it clear that they adhere to it. But it is a stupid and a short-sighted policy. It would be possible by a few well-considered reforms to put the House of Lords into a comparatively defensible, if not really satisfactory condition. So reformed, it would be not only more useful to the country, which one can hardly expect Lord Salisbury to care for, but more really useful even to the Tory party, than it is as a mere duplicate of the Carlton Club. The Liberals may think themselves fortunate that this is not going to be done. A hereditary House will be far easier to overthrow than one containing a representative element side by side with the *élite* of the hereditary peerage. At present, to judge from all appearances, the Lords will meet their fate unreformed. They will be within the next ten years—possibly sooner—if not extinguished, yet so shorn of all real power as to be no longer worth regarding. England will probably be left with only one Chamber, not because the majority of Englishmen desire such a result, but because all responsible leaders shrink from the task of contriving a second Chamber which shall be based on representation and yet not a reproduction or rival of the House of Commons. The task may be, as some think, an impossible one, but it is too soon to hold it impossible when no one has seriously tried his hand at it. At present we are drifting. Proposals are made, like that for letting peers sit in the House of Commons, which are right enough in themselves, but too slow in their operation, and which bring us no nearer to the solution of the two problems towards which the stream of events is hurrying the country. The first is: How shall the resistance of the Peers to radical changes, such for instance as 'a Home Rule Bill for Ireland—be constitutionally overcome in a concrete case? The second: Shall we vest all political power in the House of Commons alone? Nothing is clearer to anyone who can look even three or four years ahead, than the imminence and magnitude of these problems. But as it is said that though everyone believes that all men will die, no one ever realises that he himself will die, so politicians seem unable to grasp the bearings and consequences of a state of things which has not yet arrived, certain as its arrival may be.

THE ADVERTISEMENT OF LORD DUNRAVEN.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S performance in the House of Lords on Monday afternoon will diminish the regret which might otherwise be felt at his retirement from the chairmanship of the Sweating Committee. This Committee sat last year, and took a large amount of very valuable evidence. The chairman wanted to report in August. His colleagues—perhaps not altogether uninfluenced by motives of personal convenience, but with the very plausible excuse that the difficult subject on which they were engaged required mature consideration—postponed the completion of their task till the present Session of Parliament. The document has not yet appeared, and some surprise is not unnaturally beginning to be felt at the delay. Nobody, however, blamed Lord Dunraven, who had taken very good care to let it be known, through what are called the ordinary channels of information, that he was all for winding up in the summer. In these circumstances most people will look beyond the ostensible causes of Lord Dunraven's withdrawal for an adequate explanation of that event. It is somewhat unusual, and perhaps not very decorous, that a member of either House should formally move his own exemption from further attendance upon a Committee. Nor is the oddity of the proceeding lessened by the fact that the maker of this motion was also the chairman of the

Committee. But if such a course were ever to be taken, it might be expected that the explanation given would be beyond the possibility of adverse criticism. If, for instance, Lord Dunraven's health had broken down, or if he had been sent for by the Queen to form an Administration, or even if he had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, nothing could have been said against the retirement, whatever might, in the latter contingencies, have been said about the appointment. But Lord Dunraven is happily well, and has unhappily not been invited again to place his services at the disposal of his Sovereign. His thirst for information is as keen as ever, his wit as sparkling, his eloquence as brilliant, his letters to the *Times* neither less frequent nor less readable than before. Why, then, does Lord Dunraven resign, and why does he think it necessary to improve the occasion? Is it because Lord Dunraven cannot persuade his colleagues that his views are sound, or that his draft report ought to be adopted? Such are the misfortunes which may befall even the best-regulated peer in what Mr. Balfour at the Church Congress styled, with gross personal ingratitude, this "crooked and unjust world." Similar calamities have overtaken other and almost equally great men in past ages of history. Athanasius found himself confronted with an incredulous society when he put forward his irreducible minimum of necessary belief. Did he throw up the sponge, or, to vary the metaphor, put his finger in his eye? Not at all. He said that he was right, and everybody else was wrong. Some people still agree with him. Nobody can agree with Lord Dunraven, because, in language peculiarly appropriate to an Irish peer, he does not agree with himself.

Where is Lord Dunraven's draft report? Experience of that nobleman's political career does not favour the suggestion that it will remain buried in oblivion, and that journalists whose ambition leads them that way will have much difficulty in obtaining a copy. Why, then, should it not appear in the forthcoming Blue Book with Lord Dunraven's signature appended to it, so that the public might judge between the chairman and his opponents? Lord Dunraven's short speech, which seems to have been received with chilling silence in the Chamber he is so anxious to preserve from the rude assaults of Lord Rosebery, does not answer this question. Instead of, like the distinguished Father of the Church already mentioned, "smiling at the venial errors of his venerable friend," Lord Thring, this rather self-conscious philanthropist, a nineteenth-century "friend of man," refuses, as the children say, to play any more. It was somewhat unfortunate for the rhetorical effect of Lord Dunraven's apology, and the success of his bid for cheap popularity, that he should have been immediately followed by the Earl of Derby. Mr. Disraeli said, remembering to forget how M. Thiers had said it before him, that "The death of a great man represses the ebullitions of a morbid egoism." An equally valuable corrective may be obtained from Lord Derby's speeches, and certainly the water which he threw over Lord Dunraven on Monday was very cold. He was good enough to explain that he "did not rise to object to the motion of the noble lord," which, indeed, was adopted with a unanimity and despatch such as seldom greet Lord Dunraven's Parliamentary proposals. Lord Derby then explained, in short sentences and easy words, that the debate which Lord Dunraven had tried to begin was, first, contrary to the rules of the House, and, secondly, not in accordance with common sense. Finally, with the same admirable lucidity and exasperating calmness, Lord Dunraven's colleague pointed out that there was no reason whatever why Lord Dunraven should resign; but that, if he chose to do so, it would be foolish and discourteous to stand in his way. It may be conjectured that when Lord Derby sat down, Lord Dunraven repented having got up. It is never pleasant to be snubbed, or to feel that you deserve the process; but

there are many degrees of unpleasantness, and it would not be easy to find a more thoroughly disagreeable method of discharging a painful duty than that adopted by Lord Derby. Even Lord Derby is not exempt from human weakness, and it may perhaps have struck him as rather strange that Lord Dunraven should be chairman of a Committee to which he himself belonged. *Sprete injuria mentis* is the masculine equivalent of *sprete injuria formæ*.

The meaning of Lord Dunraven's manœuvre is not obscure. The House of Lords is not a representative body. But there are exceptions to this rule, and one of them is that Lord Dunraven represents Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Dunraven should, however, recollect that to play Lord Randolph's part requires Lord Randolph's ability. He and Lord Randolph are both Tory Democrats, and agree in supporting that crude absurdity a general Eight Hours Bill. But if Lord Randolph were not a good deal more than a Tory Democrat, no one would care whether he was a Tory Democrat or not; and that, we fear, is the case with Lord Dunraven. The evils of sweating are great, grievous, and terrible. They are not to be cured by a few legislative nostrums stolen from Continental Socialism, and marred in the stealing. Lord Thring, who is understood to have drawn up the report of the majority—or, in other words, of every one except Lord Dunraven—has enjoyed a long and instructive experience of what can and what cannot be done by Act of Parliament. He knows very well—no man better—that Parliament can say what Bills shall be passed, but not how they shall work. The few words which he uttered on Monday show that he sympathises deeply with the unhappy class whose woes he has been investigating, and he spoke with deep feeling of the unbounded generosity exhibited towards each other by the very poor. The publicity given by the proceedings of this Committee to the frequent violation of the Factory Acts has already caused the law to be much more rigidly enforced. Probably the existing statutes admit of considerable amendment. But no statute which the wit of mortal could frame would avail to prevent a man from working at starvation wages if he chose to do so. The best remedy for sweating is a combined movement of the sweated, assisted, as such movements always are in these days, by the steady, uniform, irresistible pressure of public opinion. The issue of the report will be awaited with interest. But Lord Dunraven's fire is only a flash in the pan. It may be wise on his part not to let his report appear side by side with the reasoned conclusions of Lord Derby and Lord Thring. To be "discharged from further attendance" is in his case to be exempt from invidious comparisons. But we doubt whether the advent of a Churchill-Dunraven Government will be perceptibly accelerated by this transparent strategy.

THE ARMY AND NAVY COMMISSION.

AFTER some twenty months of labour and inquiry, Lord Hartington's Commission has issued its report. The Commissioners have spared no pains, and their report is marked by all the thoroughness, the weighty moderation, and the pessimistic outlook which are characteristic of their distinguished chairman. They expose freely the weak points in the present system. They group effectively the desired reforms. On all matters connected with departmental organisation, their recommendations are clear and practical. But beyond that the report leaves one with a certain sense of disappointment. The question in the mind of the public is not only how far we can reorganise our departments, but whether we can so alter our management of the services as to be sure of real efficiency in future. On the larger question, the Commissioners have little to say, and their suggestions are tentative and meagre. Panaceas proposed by others they review in a tone of friendly discouragement. They do not mind

other people trying them, but personally they cannot take a very cheerful view of the result.

The issues raised by the Commission fall into two parts—the working of the great departments, and the establishment of co-operation between them. The first of these subjects occupies the bulk of the report. How are the Admiralty and the War Office to be so reorganised as to eliminate confusion, to fix responsibility, and to attain administrative success? The model chosen by the Commissioners is simple. Each Office, they recommend, should have a Cabinet Minister responsible to Parliament at its head; next to him, and responsible to him, a Professional Adviser on all matters of naval or military policy, appointed for a fixed term; then a number of heads of departments, each responsible to the Minister for his own; lastly, a council for deliberative purposes, of which all these officers should be members. Starting with this plan as their ideal, the Commissioners proceed to apply it to the two departments. In the Admiralty the nucleus of the system exists, although it requires elucidating and defining. The First Lord fills the place of Cabinet Minister. The First Naval Lord becomes the Professional Adviser, being relieved at the same time of a good deal of administrative detail. The existing Board of Admiralty composes the Naval Council; and the duties and responsibilities of the different members of the Board, as departmental heads, only require to be more rigorously defined. The scheme adapts itself so neatly to the Admiralty system that one almost wonders whether the Admiralty system may not have suggested the Commissioners' ideal. But when they turn to the War Office, the Commissioners need more drastic remedies. At the War Office there is no consultative body. There is no direct relation between the Minister and the departmental heads. There is concentrated in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief a multitude of duties, which the Commissioners think no single man, except the Duke of Cambridge, could efficiently perform. All branches resort to Committees when other arrangements fail. It is administrative paralysis modified by make-shifts. Still, the Commissioners adhere to their plan. The Secretary of State they propose to leave where he is; but the Commander-in-Chief, when the ripe time comes, is to disappear for ever from Pall Mall. In his place a Professional Adviser, or Chief of the Staff, is to take over the direction of all matters of military policy. Separate departments for various purposes, including military training and education, would then be organised under officers severally responsible to the Secretary of State, while the duties of inspection and of executive command would be committed to a Commander of the Forces outside the Office. Then the Chief of the Staff, the heads of all these different departments, and any other necessary personages, would compose a Military Council, corresponding to the Board of Admiralty, to advise the Secretary of State.

So far the Commissioners may carry public opinion. They accept the Admiralty system, they define and improve it, and they endeavour to lift the War Office to the same level. Some may think that the Admiralty has not hitherto established a title to serve as a model for any other department; but at any rate, the reforms proposed, if not ambitious, are not revolutionary, and ought to be easily understood. But the real difficulty lies behind. What means have the Commissioners to suggest for securing co-operation between the two services? What guarantee can they offer that the heads of the reorganised departments will be any more efficient than their predecessors were? It is on these points that the world wants to be satisfied, and it is on these points that the Commissioners fail. To supply the want of co-operation, they recommend, with a good deal of circumambient verbiage, that the First Naval Lord and the Chief of the Staff should communicate on "inter-departmental policy." Further, they admit that a joint Naval and Military Council, presided over by the Prime Minister, and meeting when occasion required, "might be"

of "some advantage." But no Government is likely to pledge itself to a scheme which its own authors credit with so faint a possibility of success. Another proposal—to combine the two Offices under a single Minister of Defence—they condemn on various grounds; and the modification of this plan, which Lord Randolph Churchill advocates undeterred in a separate Memorandum, they dismiss as liable to the same objections. Lord Randolph comes to the point with a directness which is racy and refreshing. If the heads of these great Offices, he argues, are to be really responsible for their administration, they must be men who have professional reputations to lose—men who risk something more by failure than what he regards as the punishment of politicians—translation to the House of Lords. No civilian can be made really responsible for matters which he does not understand. Consequently, Lord Randolph would place at each Office a professional head, appointed for a term of years, sitting in the Lords, represented in the Commons, and summoned, when necessary, to Cabinet Councils; and over both he would place a civilian, who, while taking no part in departmental organisation, should hold the purse-strings, and unite the two. Only by some such method, he pleads, is it possible to secure the necessary co-operation, the necessary professional knowledge, the necessary civil control.

Lord Randolph may be right or wrong. The objections to his scheme may be weighty. But he alone offers an adequate remedy for what are generally felt to be the worst points in our system. Unfortunately Lord Randolph's schemes puzzle our party, while they terrify his own. That the Commissioners' recommendations are, many of them, of high practical value it would be grudging and unjust to deny. Whether Parliament is to adopt them, and to act on the Commissioners' hints and hopes, and whether any reform of the Admiralty and War Office can be really effectual, without striking out more boldly in the direction in which Lord Randolph Churchill points, are questions which Governments, and the makers of Governments, must decide, and which must be left to time—or eternity.

BISMARCK'S FALL.

SOME people can find no respite to their lucubrations regarding the sudden eclipse of the Great Chancellor until they lay hands upon the "glass of water" which brought about, forsooth, that portentous event. Prince Bismarck was not called upon to open the sittings of the European Labour Conference which met on the 15th at his official abode in the Wilhelmstrasse. That is *verre d'eau* No. 1. Then No. 2 follows—that he believed this slight to have been put upon him, and the new Prussian Minister of Trade entrusted with the task, on the advice of Dr. Hinzpeter, the Emperor's former tutor. His resignation, some time decided upon, may or may not have been hastened by these considerations. The event, however, is too grave, and both the chief actors in it are far too considerable, for us to rest satisfied with such flimsy pragmatism. Before the two on whose co-operation, in the opinion of non-German Europe, the power of Germany seems mainly to depend went apart, not soon to meet again, mighty divergences of temperament, of character, and of views must have revealed themselves. On one of these—the most obvious one—I may be permitted to offer some observations.

Mention has just been made of Dr. Hinzpeter. In the eyes of the ever-suspicious Chancellor, this lean, spare man aspires to a position akin to that now held in Russia by the Czar's former tutor, M. Podebonostzew. No surmise could, in my humble opinion, be more unjust. After years spent in retirement at the town of Bielefeld, the Belfast of Westphalia, where he divided his leisure between local benevolent objects and his books, Dr. Hinzpeter has of late been called upon

to act as the youthful King's *eye* among the collieries, &c., of that and the adjoining Rhenish province. William II. had retained a lively impression of these from the visits he paid to industrial establishments in his tutor's company when a boy. He imagined, not without reason, that there might be a fourth view besides those of the employer, the operative, and the Government official, and he felt convinced that Hinzpeter, whose unbiassed judgment, and at times awkwardly unsparing candour, his parents and himself had ever appreciated, would prove the man to perceive and to portray that fourth and true aspect of the local labour question. There can be no doubt that the Sovereign, when the great strikes of 1889 were at their height, drew more enlightenment, and more hope, from the Doctor's letters than from many impassioned, or partisan, or old-school utterances which reached him. In the treatment of the wage and other "social" questions, William II. could not help perceiving that the Imperial and most German State-Governments, as well as the employers generally, had ignominiously failed. The operative classes continued to be treated as infants or subjects, not as equals. The various "Social" Laws, voted by half-unwilling majorities, had made no impression further than to increase the self-importance of Socialist leaders, in whose creed State-omnipotence and State-omnipotence hold the first place. That monstrous creed—as stupid as it is monstrous—could not form the subject, as it would have done, of daily public and *intransigent* attacks on the part of sound national economy, because no one can honourably, or with any popular effect, discuss doctrines held by men who are tongue-tied. Bismarck's anti-Socialist Bills, first passed in 1874, and since then from time to time renewed, had created an underground propaganda of pernicious teaching in the place of free discussion. In November already the Government was possessed of certain information that the Socialist vote in the forthcoming General Election of February, 1890, would run up to the enormous minimum of 1½ millions, or one-fifth of the whole country's vote!

It is but natural to suppose that the youthful Sovereign looked anxiously to his revered Mentor for advice as to how the indubitable dangers of the situation could be averted. But *πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς* failed him. Coercion—penalties—expulsion from house and home—and the cannon looming in the distance: no other remedy was forthcoming. Even the old Reichstag, the most subservient Parliament Europe has seen since the days of Walpole, had in the last days of its inglorious existence rejected the Expulsion clause. And the Government? It gave forth no programme, no rallying watchword. Elasticity had fled the aged Chancellor, and that still voice within him was silent, the voice of Faith and Conviction, which had upheld the great man in the midst of dangers such as no politician in the latter half of this century has prepared for himself, encountered and vanquished.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that William II., finding himself unassisted, called to his councils, as Prussian Minister of Trade and Commerce, Baron Berlepsch, who alone (or nearly so) among officials had treated the miners' grievances and the employers' taunts in a spirit of absolute impartiality and forbearance? Is it to be wondered that, unable to obtain a programme, the King elaborated one himself? Unfettered by tradition, he proposed to himself to satisfy every legitimate aspiration of the working classes, fearlessly pronounced this to be the chief purpose of his reign, and invited friends and opponents of his Government alike to share in its fulfilment.

No stronger contrast can be imagined than that presented by William II.'s and his late Chancellor's "Social" methods. To utilise the mob for the purpose of curbing the obstinacy and diminishing the power of the Liberal middle classes was Otto von Bismarck's policy from 1863 to 1873; and for this purpose Herr Lassalle and one or two more leaders of Social Democracy received secret encouragement. It was not till

after the life of the aged Emperor had been attempted that repression took the place of connivance. Persecution increased the evil. The general elections of this year, which give 42 seats to Social Democrats in a House of 397, have verified the standing predictions of every true Liberal. The question, then, is, whether to pursue the opposite tack—i.e., to benefit and amicably embrace the people for their own sake, and to protect the operative classes from such oppressive institutions as yet prevail—is necessarily what it looks at first sight, viz., Caesarism and State-Socialism, or rather a continuation of the lines followed by the Hohenzollerns during centuries of feudalism, when these princes carefully saved from extinction that yeoman class which now forms the backbone of the Prussian State?

Three demands, irresistible in all truth, had been proffered and insisted upon by an all but unanimous Parliamentary vote—viz., cessation of work on Sunday, cessation of women's work at night, and of all children's work below the age of twelve. All three, out of regard probably for the wishes of the manufacturing body, had been as persistently put on one side by the Chancellor. Fresh motives, however, for settling such questions were crowding upon us at the commencement of this year:—e.g., the summons to all Europe, issued by the Swiss Federal Government to consider them in common conclave, and the General Elections in Germany. William II. lost no time in proclaiming himself a protector of the weak and the champion of a fixed day of rest. Elective Boards of Arbitration, ready at every moment to hear and to dispose of complaints, were instituted, on the King's initiative, in all Government mines. And, carried along by that optimism which power is apt to inspire, he invited an international conference to see how far it be possible by common consent to secure some fresh benefits to the operative classes, which, if bestowed in one country only, would seriously handicap that country.

It is impossible not to desire that, even in this last-named article of his "social" programme, the young Emperor may meet with some kind of success. Failure can have no terrors for him. *Magna voluisse sat.* And provided he obtains the certainty that Germany believes in his firmness, and other nations look to him as a leader of men, he may well afford to see himself out-voted.

Other divergences between master and man have subsided, no doubt—some known, and some at present hidden from sight. So great is the similarity of temperament existing between them that incompatibility could be its only outcome. Yet coming events will prove, I confidently believe, that the Sovereign had a complete scheme of policy in his ever-active brain when he so marshalled events as to render the retirement of his all-powerful Minister unavoidable.

What the details of that plan of campaign may be remains a mystery. The description which Voltaire gave of the Second Frederick—*poli et dur comme le marbre*—applies with equal force to the Second William. Perhaps, however, a few of its leading features are discernible.

The Emperor-King has not the ambition of his father to lead Prussia and Germany into the paths of English constitutional life. His aim is personal rule—unshackled by prejudices of any kind—seeking help from whoever be capable and patriotic—giving preference to no caste, no class, no profession, and no party—granting freedom of speech and action after years of unbearable oppression—procuring contentment to the greatest possible number—and thereby gradually diminishing that dissatisfied majority whose silent eloquence at the late General Elections it would indeed be infatuation not to hear.

For this stupendous programme His Majesty considers all the elements to be within his grasp. In himself, he is conscious of an iron will and the elasticity of steel. In the army and navy he trusts an armour so impenetrable that behind it undisturbed years of internal reform seem to be stretching out their hands for him. Finally, among the men of

political experience there exists a certain number (however small, alas! this may be) not entirely broken in spirit or in character by the régime now past, ready to believe in a new era, and to assist power in high places in welcoming and cultivating liberty below.

Among the men whom in all probability the next few weeks may thus bring into more prominent notice, I pick out Caprivi, Bötticher, Count Eulenburg, Radowitz, and Miquel.

General von Caprivi's appointment as Chancellor of the Empire and Prussian Premier has not surprised those who had occasion to take the measure of his mental capacity whilst he occupied the post of Chief of the Admiralty. His splendid experience as a member of the General Staff, and as the author of the new plan of army mobilisation, made it possible for him, on finding himself suddenly in presence of so utterly strange a subject as the navy, to master, and in several respects reform, its organisation. It was he, also, to whose energy his country owes the rapid development of the flotilla of torpedo-boats. A just man, thoughtful and almost tender towards subaltern officers in their straits, as simple and unassuming as men of merit mostly are, he soon found himself beloved by the navy, although never concealing his preference for the army in general, and the Guards in particular; and popular in Parliament, although disdaining the use of even the slightest ornament in his speech. It may give an idea of the appreciation accorded to him throughout Germany, that when in 1888 he was allowed to quit the Admiralty and assume the command of the Tenth Corps at Hanover, there burst forth a consensus within the military world to the effect that two men, if a war were to break out, would assuredly each be offered the command of an army, viz., Field Marshal the King of Saxony, and General Caprivi. Of his political opinions the public is ignorant.

No Government in Europe can wish for a more devoted servant than Herr von Bötticher. Risen gradually through the various stages of the administrative career, he has been for a number of years Bismarck's lieutenant in Parliament and in the internal legislation of the Empire. That good-natured frankness which made him beyond measure popular when a young man, has remained faithful to him through all the tortuous paths and often brutal necessities by which this lieutenantcy has led him. You could not be angry with him. Everybody was ready to trust him anew each day.

There are two Counts Eulenburg (among the numberless bearers of that ancient name) now mentioned in connection with the present Emperor. The younger one, Philip, is a lyrical poet and a composer of tunes both sweet and gentle, beloved by all who know him, but especially by the Sovereign, who, like all Hohenzollerns, cultivates personal friendships with fervour and assiduity. His diplomatic and official future will, as a matter of course, not suffer under royal favour; but I imagine that he has no ambition to enter into the front rank of politics. It is an elder cousin of his, Count Botho, of whom well-informed people prognosticated a speedy return to power ever since the day when, with scant ceremony, Bismarck removed the successful Prussian Home Secretary from office. Whilst I write this he is still Ober-Präsident (or Lord-Lieutenant) of the province called Hesse-Nassau, residing at Kassel. Elegant and quick as a worker, no *paperassier*, but with a table and brain always cleared and ready, possessed of parliamentary *sang-froid*, and a courtier withal, he will be found capable of all work, and just the man wanted for a policy of conciliation.

Joseph von Radowitz was looked upon during the years following the terrible war by politicians of all shades as the man upon whom the great Minister's mantle would most easily fall. You cannot be in his presence without feeling convinced that no task of foreign politics would go beyond his comprehension—rather that he would love to grapple with it. If report says true, dissensions between him and some relatives of his chief brought about his advancement to the ambassadorial post at Constantinople.

Herr Miquel, a native of Hanoverian Osnabrück, and thirty years ago one of the leading members of the National Verein—that body of men who expected the Political Union of Germany to alight on earth in festive apparel, and crowned with a citizen's wreath of oak—is now Mayor of the city of Frankfort. He prefers his civic successes in that important post to the honour of such government offices as have yet been offered him. His most versatile, nay Protean, gifts enable him to be a leader to that governmental section of the Liberals who were more than ninety in the last, and number about forty in the present Reichstag. Under this sorcerer's wand, trite things gain a thrilling interest, difficulties dissolve into air, and subservience becomes a manly virtue. With these useful though not unobjectionable qualities, he combines a rare administrative capacity. Having of late, by an adroit speech, attracted towards himself the special attention of the Sovereign, and been appointed Reporter-General to the Council of State which preceded by a week or two the meeting of the Labour Conference, we may expect to hear more regarding him soon. His accession to power would be hailed by the Catholic or Centre party, inasmuch as he was at all times opposed to the Kulturkampf.

Of Field-Marshal the Duke of Lauenburg—or rather, as all ages will continue to call him, of Bismarck—in his solitude, your readers may perhaps like to hear a humble admirer speak on another occasion. Those who have for years licked the dust off his boots now turn with sickening ingratitude from the man who has bestowed upon Germany, *and for all time*, that inestimable boon of unity which every other nation of Europe, Italy excepted, had obtained centuries ago. May he live long to stultify in his own person one of his very truest sayings on the political condition of his country! An intimate friend of his college days, who came to spend an evening with him at the time of his almost weekly conflicts with King (not yet Emperor) William I., expressed his belief, whilst they sat over their wine, that Bismarck would do better to resign for good and all in order to sit in the Reichstag, a leader of incomparable power and strength. "You think so, do you?" was the reply. "But a Prussian's power is given and limited by the office he holds." GEORGE VON BUNSEN.

RUSSIAN PRISON ATROCITIES.

THE fourth International Prison Congress is to be held in St. Petersburg early this spring. At public meetings upon the matter in different towns of the United States it has been proposed that the American delegates to this Congress should insist that the state of prisons in Siberia and the treatment especially of political prisoners and exiles should be thoroughly considered. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* has, however, learned from official sources that the programme of the Congress will be drawn up by the Russian Department of Prisons, and will have to be strictly adhered to, and that no references to political prisoners will be permitted. This, of course, greatly discounts the interest and importance of the Congress. It was hoped that at length we should learn the Government's side of the question, that we should hear what they have to reply to the remarkable series of articles in which Mr. George Kennan gives the results of his personal investigations lasting over a prolonged period. It must be remembered that he did not take his information from the prisoners and exiles alone, but had remarkably free access to the official class, and the body of evidence which he has brought forward is overwhelming unless it can be shown that it has been mis-stated. But at the International Prison Congress the very thing which ought to be considered and probed to the bottom is the very thing which is to be tabooed.

Madame Tschebrikova's letter addressed to the Czar and his Ministers shows what is the feeling of a highly-educated

Russian lady of Liberal tendencies, but not immediately connected with politics, upon the absolute and autocratic rule which endeavours to permit no means whatever of free discussion of its conduct to remain open to its subjects. That remarkable letter, so bold, so honest, so firm, so noble, and so respectful, and the fact that its writer has been imprisoned for daring to bring her views openly before the Czar, will go further to open the eyes of Englishmen and of all liberty-loving peoples to the real position of affairs in Russia than much argument. And we now learn from the letter of the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* the view which is taken of these matters by the official class. It is very much what we should have expected. It is the view which has always, in all despotic countries, been taken by the official class of those who dare to think for themselves, and to endeavour to lead others to resist tyranny, and insist upon the rights of free men. "The Nihilist accounts are full of exaggerations, inconsistencies, and contradictions." "Nihilist" is a foolish word. It has no actual meaning. It is simply a nick-name—nothing more. But if it be clearly understood that it is used as a synonym for "Liberal" then it may pass. Just as the Society of Friends have adopted the nick-name "Quaker," so the Liberals in Russia may adopt the nick-name "Nihilist." It is a noun of multitude expressing nothing. But the important question is, not whether there are inconsistencies and contradictions in the accounts which have been given, for example, of the Yakutsk incident, but, are they practically true? Is it the fact that those Yakutsk exiles were shot down, and that a wounded man amongst them was carried out on his bed and hanged, because they ventured respectfully to petition the Governor of the district against that which even his own subordinates admitted was an unreasonable and dangerous command? Consider for a moment how it is that these accounts ever reach Europe at all. The distance they have to travel is enormous. From Yakutsk to St. Petersburg—more than five thousand miles—every letter has to be smuggled. Seeing that the accounts are given by different eye-witnesses writing at different times, the fact that they differ in many even important particulars bears witness to the truth, not to the falsity of their statements. All men who have to weigh evidence know well how two eye-witnesses of equal truthfulness will give very different accounts of the same occurrence.

But there is in the *Times* letter a strangely interesting proof of the light and frivolous way in which official society in Russia regards the most atrocious excesses in the treatment of political exiles. The "well-known Russian" who gave the Conservative view of the Siberian atrocities, might have been General Haynau speaking of the Hungarian ladies who refused to betray their fathers, husbands, and sons, or Bombalino describing that mad revolutionist Garibaldi. "There is nothing good about them." "They are totally depraved." "They are wretched men and women without refinement or good breeding." "The women especially are wild and irrational creatures." And Madame Sihida was flogged to death "because an example had to be made!" This, no doubt, is a good and sufficient reason in the eyes of Russian officials. They have re-introduced the flogging of political prisoners in quite recent times. But the men who look on from a distance, who have as little sympathy with the methods of the Czar and his officials as with those of the Extremists, but who cannot withhold even from the most extreme political exiles some meed of admiration because they have loved Russia much, and suffered greatly for her, will see in this interesting communication from the St. Petersburg Conservative a good and sufficient reason why even the absolute Monarch himself should tremble at allowing the method in which "examples" are made in Siberia to be discussed by representatives from lands which have for many generations been in full possession of the popular rights for the advocacy of which so many of these exiles suffer. ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A THEOLOGIAN.

IN one of the obituary notices of the late Dr. Döllinger, it was related that he once asked an English friend to name the leading theologians of the Church of England, and then observed, "You have omitted a name that I should place in the front rank of your theologians: I mean Mr. Gladstone. I have known him for thirty years, and I do not think that you have in your Church any theologian superior to him." This estimate will seem surprising only to those who know Mr. Gladstone merely as a statesman and a voluminous contributor to Homeric literature. The fact is, however, that very few of our professional theologians have written so much on theology as he has done, and none from so many different points of view. His treatise on "The State in its Relations with the Church" is a masterly performance, theologically as well as politically, for a young man of twenty-seven. This was followed three years afterwards by an octavo volume of five hundred pages on "Church Principles Considered in their Results," a grave defence of institutional Christianity, mainly from a philosophical point of view. And any one who runs his eye over his seven volumes of "Gleanings" from contributions to periodical literature will see the vast range of Mr. Gladstone's studies in theological and quasi-theological literature. Yet theology and Homer have not monopolised his extra-Parliamentary leisure. The "Gleanings" exhibit him as equally at home in the field of general literature. How has he found time for all this exuberant and prolific energy? For, let it be observed, there is no padding in any part of Mr. Gladstone's work. His readers may agree with him or differ from him, but they will all recognise that they are in contact with a mind which has surveyed an immense area of written thought and records, and has pondered deeply and earnestly on what it has read. And the man who has found leisure for all this intellectual energy and versatility has been all the while in the forefront of political life, and during a large portion of it in Office. He has been the most brilliant and successful Finance Minister of our age, has thrice held the post of Prime Minister—twice for a long period—and has passed through Parliament more measures of first-class importance and complicated details than any other statesman, past or present, British or foreign. And his mastery of all those various political questions has been almost as wide and minute as his mastery of Homeric literature. Where has he found time for it all? For Mr. Gladstone has not been by any means a recluse. He has mingled in social life and enjoyed it as much as any public man of our time. Down to middle age, he was a keen sportsman, and was good for a forty-mile walk after he had passed half a century of busy life; and all the world knows of his skill and prowess as a tree-cutter. How in the world has he found time to read and write so much?

The answer, we suppose, is that there has been no waste of time in Mr. Gladstone's life. He does not, we believe, profess to be a fast reader, but he reads methodically and writes methodically. His day is regularly mapped out, each hour having its own allotted task. He rises early, goes to church before breakfast, takes some two hours' exercise in the afternoon, reads after dinner when he is at home without guests, and goes to bed about eleven when he has his evenings to himself. In his article in the current number of *Good Words* he says that he has always acted on the rule "that change of labour is to a great extent the healthiest form of recreation." But he has made it a rule to vary not merely his labour, but his recreation also. It is his habit, we believe, to devote regular portions of each day to the continuous reading of two or three books on widely different subjects. This habit conduces probably to that wonderful freshness and elasticity of mind which is such a conspicuous trait in Mr. Gladstone's character. He does not give his mind time to get bored with any one subject, and he thus enters upon each new subject with undiminished interest and unflagging zest. This enables him to concentrate his attention on the matter in hand, so that there is no dissipation of energy. Time is wasted in three ways:

first, by sheer indolence; secondly, by want of method in occupation; thirdly, by lack of proper concentration of thought on the work of the moment. Some years ago a retired diplomatist published a volume of interesting reminiscences which he wrote during the quarters of an hour that his wife used to keep him waiting for dinner. Want of method is too obvious a waste of time to be dwelt upon; but the waste which comes of wandering thoughts while reading is not so obvious. Sir Isaac Newton attributed his own success as a discoverer chiefly to his faculty of being able to think consecutively for eighteen hours at a stretch, when the occasion required it. Everybody is not a Sir Isaac Newton; but there are very few who do not waste a great amount of time in reading and writing, through not having cultivated the habit of concentrating the mind on the subject on which it is for the time engaged. And in addition to the direct waste of time, there is the indirect loss which results from a careless and slovenly intellectual habit. Mr. Gladstone avoids waste because he is never idle (for bodily exercise is not idleness), because he lives by rule, and because he practises concentration of thought by varying his mental pursuits. He has in this way been able not only to crowd an enormous amount of work into his life, but to keep his faculties so fresh that they can easily digest and assimilate whatever he offers them. His immense knowledge is thus always at his command whenever he requires it.

Look at his article in *Good Words*, and compare it with the excited criticisms which the volume entitled "Lux Mundi" has evoked. Mr. Gladstone surveys the field of controversy luminously and in a judicial spirit, and lays down the limits within which orthodox believers may take their stand without dismay or even misgiving. He reminds extreme assailants of received opinions that they too are liable to prejudices, prepossessions, and all "the pride and pain of wounded self-love" when they find their theories in danger. But he also warns the orthodox party of the peril and folly of staking the life of Christianity on such questions as the age and authorship and composition of the several books of the Old Testament. Mr. Gladstone opens his article with a modest disclaimer of his competency to enter the arena as a specialist in any sense. But the reader finds as he proceeds that he is walking in company with a guide who treads firmly on familiar ground. The chief of the destructive critics in the matter of the age and composition of the Old Testament books is Wellhausen, who has evidently exercised much influence on the conclusions of Mr. Gore's essay in "Lux Mundi."

In the course of his article Mr. Gladstone naturally comes across Wellhausen, and shows himself perfectly familiar with that author's somewhat unstable speculations. And his advice to the timid is—"Wait! Be patient!" If the critics should succeed in establishing their positions, there is nothing to fear; the rock of Holy Scripture will still remain impregnable. But they have not established their positions yet, and there is a good deal of *prima facie* evidence to show that the destructive critics have been much too hasty. How much wiser is this attitude than the Cassandra wailings of some of our orthodox champions! We do not mean Archdeacon the Venerable George Anthony Denison. He will always remain St. George without the drag-on; consigning his theological foes to perdition, and loving them with all his heart meanwhile. He has burnt his boats and broken his bridges behind him so often, without cause, that his denunciations of "Lux Mundi" may be received with equanimity. The admission of Jews to Parliament, the Conscience Clause in Denominational Schools, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, "Essays and Reviews," have each in turn been proclaimed by Archdeacon Denison as tests of a standing or falling Church. They have all prevailed, and the Church still stands, and will continue to stand, whatever the fortunes of "Lux Mundi" may be. With Archdeacon Denison we do not argue; but we trust that orthodox divines of a very different calibre, who have been

thrown off their balance by "Lux Mundi," will see how much braver, how much more loyal to genuine faith in the truths of Christianity, Mr. Gladstone's attitude is than that of those who would commit the fortunes of the creed of Christendom to the date or authorship of some portions of the Old Testament Scriptures. Meanwhile, there is something singularly impressive and touching in the spectacle of the statesman of fourscore leading his host in the Parliamentary arena, and, at the same time, entering the lists of theological controversy on behalf of Christianity.

A DARK MIRROR.

IN the room of one of my friends hangs a mirror. It is an oblong sheet of glass, set in a frame of dark, highly varnished wood, carved in the worst taste of the Regency period, and relieved with faded gilt. Glancing at it from a distance, you would guess the thing a relic from some "genteel" drawing-room of Miss Austen's time. But go nearer and look into the glass itself. It is worse than unflattering; it is horrible. By some malformation or mere freak of make, the image it throws back is livid with the tint of death. Flood the room with sunshine; stand before this glass with youth and hot blood tingling on your cheeks; and God send you never recognise what you see. For *there* will be no sun; but your own face, blue and dead, and behind it a horror of inscrutable shadow.

Since I heard this mirror's history, I have stood more than once and twice before it, and peered into this shadow. And these are the simulacra I seem to have seen there darkly.

I have seen a bleak stone parsonage, hemmed in on two sides by a grave-yard; and behind it for miles nothing but sad-coloured moors climbing and stretching away. I have heard the winds moaning and "wuthering" night and morning, among the gravestones, and around the angles of the house; and crossing the threshold, I know by instinct that this mirror will stand over the mantel-piece in the bare room to the left. I know also to whom those four suppressed voices will belong that greet me while yet my hand is on the latch. Four children are within—three girls and a boy—and they are disputing over a box of wooden soldiers. The eldest girl, a plain child with reddish-brown eyes, and the most wonderfully small hands, snatches up one of the wooden soldiers, crying, "This is the Duke of Wellington! This shall be the Duke!" and her soldier is the gayest of all, and the tallest, and the most perfect in every part. The second girl makes her choice, and they call him "Gravey" because of the solemnity of his painted features. And then all laugh at the youngest girl, for she has chosen a queer little warrior, much like herself; but she smiles at their laughter, and smiles again when they christen him "Waiting Boy." Lastly the boy chooses. He is handsomer than his sisters, and their hope and pride; and has a massive brow and a mouth well formed though a trifle coarse. His soldier shall be called Bonaparte.

Though the door is closed between us, I can see these motherless children under this very blue mirror—the glass that had helped to pale the blood on their mother's face after she left the warm Cornish sea that was her home, and came to settle and die in this bleak exile. Some of her books are in the little bookcase here. They were sent round from the West by sea, and met with shipwreck. For the most part they are Methodist Magazines—for, like most Cornish folk, her parents were followers of Wesley—and the stains of the salt water are still on their pages.

I know also that the father will be sitting in the room to my right—sitting at his solitary meal, for his digestion is queer, and he prefers to dine alone. A strange, small, purblind man, full of sorrow and strong will. He is a clergyman, but carries a revolver always in his pocket by day, and by night sleeps with it under his pillow. He has done so ever since some one told him that the moors above were unsafe for a person with his opinions.

All this the glass shows me, and more. I see the children growing up. I see the girls droop and pine in this dreary parson-

age, where the winds nip and the miasma from the church-yard chokes them. I see the handsome promising boy going to the devil—slowly at first, then by strides. As their hope fades from his sisters' faces, he drinks and takes to opium-eating—and worse. He comes home from a short absence, wrecked in body and soul. After this there is no rest in the house. He sleeps in the room with that small, strong-willed father of his, and often there are sounds of horrible strugglings within it. And the girls lie awake, sick with fear, listening, till their ears grow heavy and dull, for the report of their father's pistol. At morning, the drunkard will stagger out, and look perhaps into this glass, that gives him back more than all his despair. "The poor old man and I have had a terrible night of it," he stammers; "he does his best—the poor old man! but it's all over with me."

I see him go headlong at last and meet his end in the room above after twenty minutes' struggle, with a curious desire at the last to play the man and meet his death standing. I see the second sister fight with a swiftly wasting disease; and, because she is a solitary Titanic spirit, refuse all help and solace. She gets up one morning, insists on dressing herself, and dies; and the youngest sister follows her but more slowly and tranquilly, as befits her gentler nature.

Two only are left now—the strange father and the eldest of the four children, the reddish-eyed girl with the small hands, the girl who "never talked hopefully." Fame has come to her and to her dead sisters. For looking from childhood into this livid glass that reflected their world, they have peopled it with strange spirits. Men and women in the real world recognise the awful power of these spirits, but cannot understand them, not having been brought up themselves in front of this mirror. But the survivor knows the mirror too well.

"Mademoiselle, vous êtes triste."

"Monsieur, j'en ai bien le droit."

With a last look I see into the small, commonplace church that lies just below the parsonage: and on a tablet by the altar I read a list of many names.

And the last is that of Charlotte Brontë.

For the mirror once hung in the sitting-room at Haworth Parsonage.

Q.

LESSONS OF THE BOAT RACE.

THE race being over, Oxford had won by a bare length. From start to finish it was a ding-dong fight, a fight that recalled the best traditions of the two Boat Clubs. The story is briefly this:—Cambridge, having the Surrey side, led off with a slightly faster stroke, and led by a little to the Crab Tree, when Oxford pulled almost level. Then for a minute or so followed a fine struggle, and at the end Cambridge again led—by half a length at the Soap Works, by three-quarters at Hammer-smith Bridge. So far they had all the best of the water, but here the wind began to blow ahead and the water to roughen, and here the race was practically won. Oxford feathered high and swung out. Cambridge pulled, and used their legs; but their body-swing was short, and their feather sloppy. In fact, it was Oxford's day, and the Dark Blue oars crept up inch by inch. At Thorneycroft's they were level, and here ensued a desperate bit of racing for the lead; but still the Dark Blue oars gained inch by inch. At Barnes Bridge they were almost a length in front, and the result seemed certain. But it was not. The plucky spurts of the Cambridge stroke kept it in doubt all the way. With a "scratchy" crew behind him, he quickened time after time, and his victors struggled in but a bare length ahead.

The victory was won on Oxford's especial merits—the long swing and high clean feather. Many veterans will hail it as a triumph of the old 'Varsity "form" in rowing, over the long dragging pull that Cambridge has learnt from the London and Thames clubs. But they will be wrong, and they will blink the

fact that Cambridge crews—or, rather, those of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the great exponents of the “new model”—have had it all their own way for four years past, and that this is their first check. The long swing which lets men reach out and keep a boat steady against a head wind, the high feather which takes no way off the boat in choppy water—these are virtues which have always had their home on the Isis, and seldom on the Cam; but to say that they cannot be combined with the London stroke, and the proper use of long slides, is absurd. But, on the whole, there is little danger that because the Dark Blues were the lighter and prettier crew, their victory will be set down to their “prettiness.” For even at Oxford, that home of impossible loyalties, the old theories are threadbare. Six years ago the freshman was told to “push out his stomach and get a lift on the beginning.” We wonder if that absurd formula is ever heard to-day.

Also it will be a pity if the fact that Oxford won with a slightly over-trained crew should ever lead a coach to over-train his men. *Ceteris paribus*, a crew slightly under-trained will beat them four times out of five. It is a common fault with Oxford trainers; and if this year their men won in spite of it, we can remember many occasions when the visit of a crew to Brighton on the Sunday before the race has been the worst of omens.

The race has been an exceptional one, and the public interest in it has been exceptional also—recrudescent, we may say. The mob on the bank was without precedent, and the newspapers excelled themselves. The *Standard*, for instance, sent down its Fatuous Man (not the one who wrote about Snow in Naples, but a disciple), and he was greatly taken with the scene. “There is a north-west wind blowing,” he writes, “which cuts across the river, and may give the crews some trouble this afternoon, wherefore men are saying the more experienced steersman will bring in his crew first past the post. Probably, before the trying moments arrive, the wind will have abated somewhat, the force of which is now waving the branches of the trees with a most loving spring summons to returning life, and freckling the face of the Thames with ripples, as though the stream is rejoicing once more in the great race; but for this, there is no other sign of life in the river. The pleasure boats are moored to the banks, and not one is out in the stream; but soon all this will be changed. A bright blue sky, flecked with white clouds, tempers pleasantly what would otherwise be a painfully warm day, and makes all nature sweet, cool, calm, and bright.”

There were some things, however, that did not help in the least to make nature cool, calm, and bright: for instance, an “American game of base-ball, the patrons flinging hard leather balls at a man’s head thrust through a circular hole at the opposite end of the stand. The man, whose face is blackened, is able to dodge most of the balls, but he frequently gets hit on the cheek or nose, upon which the thrower is rewarded with a cigar. The man who thus stands the racket of all the balls creates a good deal of fun by railing at those who fail to hit his head, but it was evident that the balls which got home inflicted much pain, because of the swellings on the face. The fellow must also have passed through some strange experiences, for his right ear had been cut off, and only a portion of the left ear remained.” The Boat Race, in fact, is in four cases out of five an excuse for a more than usually vulgar fair; and though, by an accident, a really fine race redeemed the character of the meeting this year, no real sportsman will be deluded. We don’t play cricket now; we look on at cricket, and know the “averages” of great men. For cricket, of course, is in the hands of professionals. And so, while long scores become commoner every year, and the few skilled players more skilful, cricket is really decaying as our national game. In the same way this gladiatorial exhibition which we call the University Boat Race—this affair of betting, and pocket-picking, and nigger minstrelsy, and “American game of base-ball,”—would have degraded English rowing long ago were it not that the venality of professional oarsmen has always been a trifle too notorious, and the necessity of preserving

one form of sport in which one can have a fair and square bet has been appreciated by the betting men themselves. That it is the betting instinct, however, and not at all the instinct of sport, which gives rowing and football their popularity is evident on the face of it. If you doubt it, you have only to listen to the mob between Putney and Mortlake, or the crowd which a Challenge Cup attracts to an Association Football Match.

Luckily, though the great Boat Race of the year is professional and gladiatorial out and out, exalted and consecrated chiefly by the class of being that hangs round the offices of sporting papers in Fleet Street, the fame of a “Varsity Blue” is more fleeting than that of Sullivan and “Charley” Mitchell. And if he be worth much—and he must be to have pulled in such a race as last Wednesday’s—there is hope that the pleasantest memory of his rowing career will be, not that of Putney, with its Aunt Sallies and “Lady” Cricketers’ Launch and blatant crowd, but of some bright evening above Ifley, or by the long Grassy Corner, when the shouts in his ear were those of his college friends, and he pulled for no man’s money, but the honour of the College that fostered him.

THE OPENING SEASON.

WE are not, as a rule, fortunate in our beginnings of the year in England. Shelley describes a dream he had, in which, as he wandered by the way, bare winter suddenly was changed to spring. It is much more commonly our fate to find spring changed to winter, and the frost and snow which ought to come in December (surely this was the case in Sir Roger de Coverley’s time) overtaking us in April and May.

There are a number of men and women just now anxiously hoping for bright days, not because they want to gather all sorts of flowers, but because they are throbbing with impatience to finish the work they have in hand.

There is a sense of expectancy in the air. The judges who decide which pictures shall appear on the walls of the New Gallery and Royal Academy will soon be hard at work, and there are men and women waiting for their decision with an anxiety which would be ludicrous, having regard to the smallness of the aim, if it were not sometimes rendered tragic by the consequences of failure. The great mass of the public knowing little about art themselves, are guided in their judgment by the opinion of Royal Academicians. If these reject a picture, it must be bad; if they give it a place on their walls, it must be good. Then, most persons who sit for their portraits like to have them exhibited to the world. Some might think this ordeal a trying one; but vanity, in the majority of cases, prevails over shyness, and the fact is well known that celebrated painters after finishing portraits are constantly petitioned by the originals to send them up for exhibition. Those who have not had the good fortune to be painted by a genius still desire to meet with the same honour, and are much chagrined if the authorities either reject their portraits or put them as near the sky as possible.

The trials of an artist are many and severe. The writer of an unsuccessful novel may console himself, when the MSS. is returned by callous publishers, with the thought that, at all events, his venture has not cost him money. Paper and ink are cheap! Thus an author’s environment may be sordid to the last degree without injury to his productions. Immortal works have been written in garrets by men who, like poor Boyce, had no coats, but were forced to wrap themselves in blankets in order to keep warm.

But an artist’s tools, unlike an author’s, are costly. In the first place he must have a studio with a good north light. Then his paints are expensive, and brushes are more valuable than pens. When his picture is finished he is met by the difficult question of a gold frame. Authors are not required to pay for the binding of their own books; if they were, the number of three-volumed novels produced every publishing season would be small. These

expenses make failure, when it comes, very difficult to receive calmly.

It is well sometimes to realise how many palpitating hearts there are around us. Each person nurses some individual anxiety. Ladies who are going to be presented think that all the world will remark upon them if they fail in making the regulation curtsy gracefully. The needlewomen who stitched the ladies' dresses, and the modiste who planned them, have their own private sources of care. There are tradespeople who hope to become rich during the coming season, and must retrench their expenses if they do not. All have what to them are tremendous stakes at issue. "Which of us has his desire," said Thackeray; "or, having it, is satisfied?" Let us hope that some who attain their desires may be, if not satisfied, at least made happy for a few weeks, until restless ambition urges them on again to conquer new worlds.

Meanwhile the fortunate minority, who are not tormented by personal ambition, have a good time before them. When the Royal Academy becomes unbearably hot, or the crowds which struggle to get a glimpse of the pictures more than usually dense, let them seek quiet in some smaller gallery. It is refreshing to look at pictures, which carry us far away in thought from our present surroundings, and the Water Colour Exhibitions afford ample opportunity for indulging this taste. We can visit sleepy Italian villages, Norwegian fiords, and picturesque corners in English Cathedral towns, without the trouble of taking a journey.

Lovers of music can hear some of the finest in the world. Those who are frivolously disposed can loiter in the parks, where the pleasure is equally distributed between rich and poor. It must be very wearisome to drive round in a ring. Very likely those people who have no carriages, and can slip into quiet corners and feed the ducks, are not much to be pitied. In short, unless we are unrecognised geniuses, or overworked politicians, there is every chance of being contented, for in London, during the spring, each mind finds its mate.

THE LITTLE NURSERY GOVERNESS.

EVERY lawful day, at five minutes past three, I ring a bell and the little nursery governess at once rounds the corner of the street. She never hears the bell, for I am at a club window ringing for coffee, but five minutes past three is her time, and thus she seems to answer my summons daily. While I am saying "Black coffee and a cigarette" to George, the little nursery governess is crossing to the post-office. "Fivepence, sir," says George; and now the little nursery governess is taking six last looks at the letter. I carefully select the one suitable lump of sugar, and the little nursery governess is making sure that the stamp is sticking nicely. I light my cigarette, and she is reading the address as if it were music. I stir my coffee, and she has dropped the letter into the slit. I lie back in my chair, and she is listening to hear whether the postal authorities have come for her letter. I scowl at a fellow-member who has entered the smoking-room, and her two little charges are pulling her away from the post-office. When I look out at the window again she is gone, but I shall ring for her to-morrow at five minutes past three.

The little nursery governess must have passed the window many times before I took note of her. The sex interests me not; long ago I gave them up; I have a spite against them. I have no idea where she lives, though I suppose it is hard by; and I only know that she is a nursery governess because the little boy and girl bully her. She is giving them the air when she posts the letter, and she ought to look crushed and faded. No doubt her mistress overworks her. The other servants will often tell her what they think of her. Certainly her duty is to be sad. So I thought of the little nursery governess while I sipped my

coffee; and as for her daily letter, I regarded it not. In time I noticed that she had occasionally many letters to post, and that only the posting of the one was a process. The others were shot down the hole together, but the one went after them slowly. They, doubtless, were her mistress's, but it was her own. After she had posted it, she laughed gaily to herself, and tripped off quite coquettishly with her charges. This absurd little nursery governess was brimming over with happiness, and for no earthly reason, mark you, but that a foolish lump of a man loved her. She had the privilege of writing to him nearly every day, and so, instead of crying because she was a poor nursery governess, she must trip jauntily into this street, with a rather smart bonnet on her head, and the air of an engaged woman who likes it. I rather think the nursery governess is pretty; but as for the colour of her hair and eyes, and whether there is character in her chin, I know nothing, because I have no desire to know. I like to sip my coffee dreamily, and her obtrusive happiness annoys me. At least, I thought so until the tragedy occurred.

Thursday is the great day of the little nursery governess. Then she comes into the street in answer to my bell, but not as on other days. She has an hour to herself every Thursday afternoon; perhaps she works overtime for it. Then is she arrayed in comparative splendour, with a cap of blue feathers on her head instead of a bonnet, and the neatest umbrella in her hand, and a look of expectation on her face that is as absurd as anything in Euclid. On ordinary days the little nursery governess at least tries to look demure, but on Thursdays she has positively the assurance to use the glass door of the club as a mirror in which she may see how she likes her trim trifle of a figure to-day. Were there sufficient cause for this exultation, I would not frown at my coffee spoon; but there is no cause, none worth speaking of; only, indeed, the hulking lout of a man who is waiting for her at the post-office door. This is the creature she writes to, and every Thursday she walks out with him. He is tremendously brushed, looking as if a blast of wind had hit him full in the face; and if she is not at the post-office when he puffs up the street, he takes off his hat to see that there is no mud on it. It is a silk hat, and he wears it by her special request. He has not the refined look of the little nursery governess; and when he leans his hand on the post-office window, I can fancy him saying, "And the next article?" I almost turn up my lip at the girl for being so joyous because this commonplace man is engaged to her, but I allow that he at least is honest. It nearly puts my cigarette out to see how deceitful the little nursery governess is. The moment she turns the corner of the street she looks at the post-office, and sees him plainly. Then she looks straight before her, and he sees her, and rushes across the street to her in a glory, and she starts—positively starts—as if he had taken her by surprise. I am so ashamed of the little nursery governess's duplicity that I stir my coffee violently. He gazes down at her in such rapture that he is in every one's way, and then she takes his arm as if it were her property, and off they go together, she doing nine-tenths of the talking, and he with his head in the air like a man who has just won the Derby. I daresay she has not a relative in the world, and slaves from morning to midnight, and yet he thinks she is the pick of the universe, while she blushes with pride every time she looks up and he looks down, which is ridiculously often. If I had not grown accustomed to this chair, I would certainly change it for one further from the window.

You see, I have not an atom of sympathy with the little nursery governess, to whom London is only famous as the residence of an over-brushed young man. At the same time, I grew used to her; and when one day, nearly a month ago, she passed the post-office without gradually posting a letter, I was indignant. She had no right to come into my life for five minutes every day, and then suddenly go out of it. I laid down my cigarette. Undoubtedly she was passing the post-office. Her two charges, who usually played a game while she posted

her letter, were as surprised as I, and the boy pointed questioningly to the slit, at which she shook her head. I saw tears rise to her eyes, and so she passed from the street. Next day the same thing happened—indeed, something worse happened, for I bit through my cigarette and neglected to order another one. Thursday came, when I expected there would be an end of this annoyance—but no. He did not appear in the street; neither did she. Had they changed their place of meeting and their post-office? No; for her eyes were red every day, and heavy was her tender heart. Love had put out his lights, and the little nursery governess walked in darkness. They had quarrelled, and only one of them wanted to make it up. I set my teeth at that long-legged selfish fellow, who had spoiled my coffee. These lovers never think of anybody but themselves.

I could forget the little nursery governess, as in time I could do without sugar in my coffee. She is nothing to me. But, with a woman's want of consideration for others, she insists on bringing her charges almost daily through this street, and crying, or very nearly crying, as her eyes light on the post-office. As if this were not sufficient, I have discovered that every Thursday, from three to four, she wanders back and forward at the top of the street, looking hopelessly at the romantic spot where she and he will meet no more. The nursery governess is now such a sad little figure that I think she cannot live long without the over-brushed young man, and nowadays I try all the seats in the smoking-room, and thunder at George because the coffee has become undrinkable. This is a wet Thursday, and from the smoking-room window where I write I can see the little nursery governess beginning her hopeless walk at the top of the street. That it is hopeless I cannot doubt; she will meet her lover no more. Of course it is nothing to me. I am only writing of her and her fickle swain because I have given up coffee and a cigarette between three and four, and so find time a burden. Now I will post this across the way, and hurry from the street of the little nursery governess.

[The above communication reached THE SPEAKER office in a very muddy envelope at six o'clock on Thursday. By a later post on the same evening arrived the following]:—

Since I posted a paper entitled "The Little Nursery Governess" something remarkable has happened. I think I said at the end of the paper that I was to post it myself. However, I put it in my pocket, and at once forgot it. I dare say I was thinking of the forlorn little governess; at all events, I marched off down the street to get away from her. Suddenly I struck against—the young man. I hit out at him with my umbrella, passed on, and then stood looking at him. He was no longer nicely brushed; his hat was splashed with mud, and he had the face of a man who sleeps little at nights. He was hollow-eyed, and stood against a lamp-post, glaring at the post-office. This was the man who had spoiled my coffee, but he seemed so despairing that I could not hate him. I wriggled my umbrella back and forward, and pondered; and, of course, I saw that he still loved my little nursery governess. Whatever their quarrel had been about he was as anxious as she to accept the blame, and doubtless he had been at this end of the street every Thursday while she was at the other end. He had hoped against hope to see his lady at the post-office, when he would have rushed to her, and she had hoped against hope to see him there. But from where these two selfish creatures stood or walked up and down they could not see each other.

You must have observed that I care not a jot for the little nursery governess. Still I despise even more this stupid young man, and therefore I would not give him the satisfaction of knowing that she was waiting for him. No, he must go to the post-office, and she would see him from the top of the street, and after that—well, then I washed my hands of them. But how to get him to the post-office without giving him my secret? I think that what I did was quite clever. I dropped my letter to THE SPEAKER at his feet, and hurried back to the club as I saw him pick it up.

You see, a man who finds a letter in the street is bound to post it—and he will naturally post it at the nearest office.

With my hat on I hurried to the smoking-room window. I gave not a glance to the post-office. I looked for the little nursery governess. I saw her as woebegone as ever—then suddenly—she put her hand to her heart—

"George," I said, "black coffee." She was crying outright and he was holding both her hands. It was a disgraceful exhibition. "And a cigarette, sir?" asked George. The young man would evidently explode if he did not kiss her at once. She must die if she could not lay her head on his breast. He hailed a hansom. "Yes, George, and a cigarette."

The affair is nothing to me. I add this to explain why the first envelope doubtless reached the office in a muddy condition.

J. M. BARRIE.

ART IN LONDON.

THE eighth, and distinctly the strongest, of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, is now open in Pall Mall East. The task this most useful Society, which last year attained to "Royal" dignity, has set itself is the re-awakening, in these days of photogravure and ever-improving mechanical and semi-mechanical means of reproduction, of the love and knowledge of the art of original engraving, and "the re-infusion," to use its own words, "into all forms of the engraver's art of the painter-like qualities which it has lost." It is gratifying, then, to find painter-like ambition characterising many of the works, painter-like feeling and qualities distinguishing not a few; and everywhere a tendency to insist that etching is in itself a complete and satisfying branch of art, not merely the useful adjunct of a greater.

The great feature, however, of the exhibition is the century of etchings by Rembrandt, sent by the President, Mr. F. Seymour Haden, probably the finest collection in England, and brought together by a consummate connoisseur. They display the work of the great master of the needle in almost every state, and at almost every period of his life. They form not only a lesson to the student, and a delight to the lover of etchings in any form, which are, indeed, the olives of art, but also an eloquent though mute exposition of the full meaning of the term painter-like.

A decided improvement in drawing characterises the modern works. A little cloud of Anglo-French mist, with nothing distinct but the etcher's signature, is not now accepted "in full of all demands." There is much in little—a great quality—in Mr. D. Y. Cameron's "The Cliffs of Aberdeenshire." Mr. Axel Herman Haig's two studies of Burgos Cathedral demand close study, which reveals their delicacy of detail whilst it only deepens the sense of the fastness of a mighty building and of its reverence and sanctity. Mr. Mortimer Menpes has a very happy eye for "bits"; and having recovered from the effect of uninstructed though much sought press cackle over his "largest in existence" dry point, gives us many pleasant fugitive reminiscences of Holland. We must also mention Mr. Fred Short's mezzotint, "The West's Good-night to the East," Mr. T. C. Farrer's windmill study, "Carmers Straat, Bruges," and Mr. Edward Slocombe's fine "Grand Place, Antwerp," with the lace-work spire, "whose silent finger points to heaven" in impressive dignity. Mr. W. Strang is always poetic and imaginative. He reflects many of the qualities of his master, Mr. Legros. In "Burning Weeds" he has sacrificed the true play of light and shade to his own requirements; "The End" shows his grim fancy; and "Taking the Oath" is strong, vigorous, but a little lacking in delicacy.

Mr. Alfred East, R.I., who is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's Galleries the pictorial harvest of his recent six months' sojourn in Japan, labours under a distinct disadvantage, from an artistic point of view, in having toiled in an unknown land. That, as a matter of curiosity, his series of pictures is the more

interesting because unprecedented in subject, is undeniable. But association counts for so much more than curiosity in art. What is unfamiliar strikes us as alien and unsympathetic. In Bond Street to-day we can learn much about the climate and geography of the Kingdom of the Mikado; but these things attract the sight-seer rather than the buyer. It is now some years since Franco-American artists first began to try to impose upon us the principles of Japanese decorative art as discoveries of their own, and applicable to pictorial art. Since then we have had Mr. Menpes' brilliant memoranda of the Japanese streets, and the American Mr. Wares' painstaking pictures of Japanese customs; while Mr. Fripp plies his brush to-day in that distant land. To Mr. East, however, we owe our first notions of Japanese landscape. Japan has given his exquisite mastery of the daintier tints, his keen appreciation of atmospheric beauty and cunning in its delineation, his poetic sympathy with nature, and graceful power of composition full play. In one or two cases, dealing with great directness with simple subjects and very light tones, he has been singularly successful, and he cannot too carefully pursue his efforts in this direction. His faults are a somewhat troublous method of obtaining his effects, and an arbitrary manner of posing his subject, often painting or drawing his picture in the middle distance, and leaving the foreground mere masses of suggestive colour. His argument is that a picture should have but a single *motif*; the spectator's eye but one objective. The result of this is that the picture gives up all its secrets at one glance, and subsequently palls on those who study it. Mr. East realised that Fuji-San, the great mountain which soars 12,300 feet into the blue, and dominates both Japanese thought and art like a god, was the most important feature to master. So he has portrayed it in many different moods and tenses, and always with beauty and subtle feeling; though we almost fail to recognise it as the conventional three-coned mountain of the native artist.

A striking contrast to Mr. East's work are Mr. Herbert Marshall's drawings of London—lovely London—shown under the same roof. On looking at them we feel that we have been walking blindfold in fairyland. Of a truth this great city has an atmospheric beauty elsewhere quite unapproached; the very fogs against which we rail charge the changing skies with mystic glory. Wet streets and houses flashing ruby or gold in sudden sunshine, St. Mary-le-Strand rising in the upper light like a saintly phantom above the teeming thoroughfare, the mystery of the great grey river—these are Mr. Marshall's subjects. Technically speaking, his work wants transparency; but murkiness is the great characteristic of London.

The cry of "National Art for the National Gallery" raised by Mr. James Orrock, R.I., in his lecture before the Society of Arts, continues to echo through the press and Studio-land. With one accord the papers have rallied with leaders, notes, reports, and articles, to Mr. Orrock's banner. That the deference our official guides in artistic matters pay to deceased foreign masters oversteps humility and becomes servility is undeniable. A snobbish worship of great Continental names, a timorous avoidance of great British talents, reigns in Trafalgar Square. Huge sums bequeathed or given by generous and patriotic lovers of art are bestowed practically exclusively upon foreign works. The National Gallery authorities carefully inquire into the authenticity of every early Italian picture submitted to them. If that be verified, its merits pass unquestioned; their cautious souls are satisfied that it is a safe investment. The result is sometimes startling. We admit, however, the general magnificence of the Trafalgar Square collection of Old Masters, which, from the days when Mr. Ruskin called it a "European jest," has grown and prospered until it rivals anything in Europe. But we protest not only against its unrepresentative nature with regard to home art, but against the indifferent housing it affords all its treasures. Externally the building erected by John Wilkins in 1838, and completed by John Barry in 1876, is a disfigurement of the "finest

site in Europe." Internally, it displays to admirable advantage just as many oil-paintings as it possesses, but can take no more; half secretes the peerless water-colours of Turner, De Wint, and Cattermole in semi-subterranean rooms, lighted, when the day is fine, by side windows; and, miser-like, hoards in tin boxes further great bundles of Turner's drawings, classified and stored by Mr. Ruskin many years ago. At South Kensington and other museums hang scattered on the walls other exquisite works of English masters. What is wanted is the erection of a noble house worthy of its contents, ample enough to display all the great paintings of the foreign section, and collect together, and increase from time to time, the treasury of English pictures, giving special facilities for the adequate exhibition of those works which are the supreme and unapproached glory of the national school, the masterpieces of the water-colour men. In 1887 there was a chance of starting this worthy work, and of erecting a memorial dignified enough to commemorate a half-century of happy reign. It was wasted. A costly edifice, with high-sounding title and vague, pretentious, but dubious purpose, rises in its stead at Kensington. Failing the just aim of our ambitions, it behoves us to see that the energy brought into being by Mr. Orrock's initiative is conserved to some good purpose—to insist, at least, that a fair proportion of the funds derived by the National Gallery authorities from private generosity be bestowed on acquiring masterpieces of deceased English artists; and, above all, that the shame of inartistic neglect of the national art of water-colour be lifted from us. Mr. Orrock rightly divided the National Gallery into two parts—a Paradiso wherein dwelt haloed Italian saints, an Inferno wherein hung English aquarellists. He preferred the climate of the former, the company of the latter place. Sir James Linton gives emphasis to Mr. Orrock's remarks when he points out that though in almost every branch of art the student finds endowed aids to its mastery, water-colour, the art to-day essayed by so many thousands, remains alone unassisted.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

THOUGH the debate in the House of Lords on the Parnell Commission Report was largely an academic one, the weight of speaking there, as in the Commons, was immensely against the Government. Lord Salisbury can generally make a good speech even in a bad cause; but on this occasion his rhetoric was weak and laboured, and his treatment of the question deficient both in grasp and vigour. The only good thing in the speech was a simile, which, though very striking, was inaccurate. He was referring to the Horan letter sending money to a man injured in the commission of crime, and he regarded this as a sample of the missing Land League pages. As a great anatomist, he said, could from a bone or foot-print reconstruct the skeleton of some extinct animal, so from this letter they could create the system of the Land League. Lord Herschell's speech was calmly judicial; but, as a criticism of the action of the Government and statement of the results of the Commission, it has not been surpassed in these debates. Lord Rosebery spoke with breadth and elevation of view, and the passage in which he warned the Irish Peers of their fate will take rank as one of the finest pieces of eloquence ever heard in the Upper House. On the one side stood the defendants in this case with the Irish people behind them, on the other the Irish peers. He told the Irish nobility that the deserted palaces of Venice and Versailles taught them a great lesson, and that an aristocracy divorced from the people was a doomed aristocracy.

While the Lords were engaged in passing a resolution to which no one attaches the slightest importance, the Commons were sitting in judgment on the Peers themselves. Mr. Labouchere moved his annual resolution which, although it only alludes to the hereditary principle, everyone knows is aimed at the House of Lords. It was impossible for a man, even of the lively

imagination of the member for Northampton, to throw any freshness into an exhausted controversy; but he stated the arguments against the existence of the House of Lords with raciness and piquancy. He has no doubt that when the time comes, the Peers will be compelled to pass an Act for their own extinction. If they resist, they will be threatened with a large creation of Peers; and if they do not yield to menaces, two or three hundred Peers must be created in order to pass the Bill. Mr. Labouchere even hinted that for so great a purpose he might consent to become a Peer himself, with the consciousness that his first and last duty would be to vote for his own legislative extinction. The only speech made in defence of the Lords came from Mr. G. Curzon, who has taken the Upper House under his protection. He discussed the subject with a superficial cleverness, but never once attempted to grapple with the anomalies and scandals involved in the existence of the House of Lords. He went the length of saying that it was an impertinence for the House of Commons to sit in judgment on the other House; but in his closing sentences he admitted that it was necessary to strengthen the Upper House, and that a great struggle between the two Houses was inevitable in the near future. The most significant incident of the night was that all the Liberal leaders, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, went into the lobby with Mr. Labouchere.

Mr. Balfour appeared before the House of Commons on Monday for the first time as the expounder of a great scheme of constructive legislation. The Chief Secretary does not shine so much in the art of exposition as he does in the point and repartee of debate. He had a complicated and involved scheme to explain; and it was evident to those who heard him that he had not sufficiently mastered its details. He succeeded in giving a good idea of its main outline; but in regard to many of its details he was confused, and had more than once to be prompted by Mr. Smith and Mr. Goschen. The interest which the Chancellor of the Exchequer betrayed in the Bill was almost paternal. It was indeed apparent that Mr. Balfour could only be regarded in a secondary degree as the author of the scheme which he was expounding. Its elaborate financial details, its great array of guarantees and securities, its ingenious attempt to create the idea that it had a solid financial basis apart from the Imperial Treasury, bore the impress of Mr. Goschen's mind. In the main the scheme is an extension of the Ashbourne Act; and its chief novelty is the system of guarantees with which the Government have endeavoured to guard the Treasury. The Bill sanctions advances to the amount of thirty-three millions, and though Mr. Balfour declared that there was no risk to taxpayers, every one who heard him felt that the only solid guarantee about the scheme was the British Treasury. Mr. Gladstone reserved his opinion on the scheme, but his cautious attitude does not suggest that he and his friends have any doubts on the subject. Before Mr. Balfour sat down every member knew that the Bill would be opposed by the whole Liberal party.

In the discussion on the second reading of the Allotments Bill the Government appeared in a sorry plight; they had not only to confess the failure of their own Bill, but to admit that very little good would come of the amending measure. The supporters of the Government had not much to say for the Act or the Bill; and Sir W. Harcourt, in one of those short vigorous and incisive speeches in which he sometimes gives tone to a whole debate, covered the allotment policy of the Government with ridicule. He pointed in most effective style the moral of the night's proceedings. Every labourer would know to-morrow that the Government proposed to give thirty-three millions to the Irish tenants, and would not take adequate measures to provide labourers in England with allotments. Mr. Jesse Collings, with a fatuity which astonishes even his friends, came forward to bless an Act for which its authors had hardly anything to say. He extolled its value in a most extravagant fashion, and refused to disturb a Government which passed such beneficent measures. Mr. Chaplin was extremely turgid in his attempt to defend the Act. The Bill of the Govern-

ment was regarded with so much contempt that the Opposition would not divide against it.

The policy of the Government on Scotch questions threatens to get them into as much difficulty as their course on Irish affairs. Last week they were beaten on the question of Scotch rights of way, and on Wednesday they narrowly escaped defeat on the Parliamentary Elections (Scotland) Bill, the object of which is to throw the returning officers' expenses on the rates. The debate showed that an overwhelming preponderance of Scotch members were in favour of the measure, and yet the Government, to satisfy the prejudices of their English supporters, were compelled to oppose it. This led to a vigorous expression of Scotch indignation. Mr. Leng made a lively protest against "the superior intelligence of Scotland" being over-ridden by English Conservatives. It is evident that if the Government do not pay some regard to Scotch opinion on Scotch questions they will introduce a new complication into the existing system of governing the United Kingdom. The Irish Liquor Veto Bill was only defeated by a majority of seven. The opinions of the Parnellite party on the measure are divided, but the fact that in the present House of Commons it was rejected by so small a majority marks a great advance in the direction of temperance legislation.

The Second Reading of the Tithes Bill occupied the House on Thursday, and the debate had not been concluded when the House adjourned. The speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in moving the Second Reading was dull and ineffective, though there was a flash of humour in the sentence in which he coupled Mr. Picton and his "distinguished predecessor in spoliation, Henry VIII." The debate brought to light the bitter hostility of the Welsh members to the measure, and showed also that there is a strong under-current of dislike to it on the Tory benches. Upon the whole, however, the evening was less disastrous to the Government than most of the nights which have been devoted this Session to the consideration of serious business. Part of the good humour of the House may be attributed to the fact that at the beginning of the sitting Mr. Smith promised members a longer holiday than they had originally been led to expect.

THE INTERCOLONIAL CONFERENCE.

MELBOURNE, February 14, 1890.

THE Intercolonial Conference has just finished its sittings.

They have lasted longer than was expected, through the unfortunate illness of Sir Henry Parkes, who was prostrated by the great heat and the fatigue of making a long speech at the banquet given to the delegates in Parliament Hall on the night of their arrival. Then, again, the decision of the Conference to admit reporters had the inevitable consequence of eliciting prolix orations, intended to dazzle the public and to please constituents without committing the speaker. The practical results arrived at, though they are, of course, claimed as a success, and may be fashioned into shape by some skilful hand, can only be described as vague and meagre in the extreme.

Of the oratory of the banquet, which had been a good deal looked forward to, I cannot report favourably. Mr. Gillies was not in his best form, and was heavily handicapped by having to introduce what he wanted to say about Federation into the toast of the Governor's health. Mr. Service, who was very properly chosen to propose the health of the delegates, as he has been the father of Federation in the Colonies, is never really eloquent, and was embarrassed on this occasion by the desire to vindicate the Federal Council, which is his work, while he complimented Sir Henry Parkes, who declares the Council to be an imposture. Sir Henry Parkes had the tact to avoid replying directly to this challenge; and his speech contained some fine passages, and one happy phrase about "the crimson thread of kinship," which, I see, has been telegraphed to England. On the whole, however, there was a want of distinction in the speech, whether

we look at the thoughts or the style. The subject, hackneyed as it has been by journalists and platform orators, was yet a grand one, especially for a man who is contemporary with national existence in half the Australian Colonies; who has seen a country designed by England for a penal settlement, and believed by commerce to be fit for nothing more than the production of wool and tallow, dilate suddenly into a wealthy and free community, which has shown itself ready to stand by the mother country in peril, and which is, perhaps, equally ready to claim that its own interests in Southern Asia shall be considered by British policy. Sir Henry can remember when Lord Sherbrooke addressed an angry mob in one of the Sydney squares, with a furious philippic against a Governor who would not interpose to prevent the landing of convicts. What memories could not such a man have drawn upon, and what contrasts might he not have conjured up? But a thermometer at 100° in the shade is inimical to eloquence, and had almost been dangerous to Sir Henry's life.

One of Mr. Service's remarks was that "a common tariff was the lion in the way, and the Conference must either kill the lion, or be killed by it." The Conference has taken the course of refusing to recognise the lion. It has spent the greater part of its time in discussing a motion by Sir Henry Parkes, which declares that the Colonies have outgrown the Union of 1883, and require to be united under one Legislature and Executive Government. No appreciable time has been spent in discussing the first part of this proposition. It is understood that for reasons of *amour propre* Sir Henry will never recognise the Federal Council, and we must buy the adhesion of New South Wales at her own price. Although, however, the motion for Union was affirmed by a unanimous vote, five out of thirteen members of the Conference spoke against Federation at present or in the immediate future.

The representatives of New Zealand believe their commercial interests to be different from those of Australia, and do not desire to have protection forced upon them. They doubt whether the continent could find ships and soldiers to assist them in case of a foreign war. The representatives of South Australia were, I think, embarrassed by the presence of reporters. They are going before their constituents almost immediately, and neither wanted to be charged with sacrificing the interests of his own Colony to a dream of Federation. They spoke sympathetically, but Mr. Playford dilated chiefly upon the divergences from a federal feeling among the Colonies at present, and Dr. Cockburn upon the difficulties we might expect from historical analogy. In these cases hesitation was to be expected. What astonished me was that Sir James Lee Steere, the representative of Western Australia, a Colony which cannot possibly stand by itself, and which has been lately going cap in hand to its neighbours, and asking them to support its petition for self-government, was almost as uncertain in his support of the movement as Mr. Playford or Dr. Cockburn. The reason apparently is that he dreads lest his poor Colony—the least favoured by nature of any—should be saddled with oppressive taxation. Evidently Sir James believes that his people are not really alarmed about the chance of a war, and would sooner risk it than pay a property tax.

Against these imperfect adhesions, which, I think, are due to the public character of the debates, we may set off the unexpected enthusiasm displayed by the representatives of Queensland. From Sir Samuel Griffith we expected a broad statesman-like view, vigorously expressed, and we were not disappointed. Of his colleague, Mr. Macrossan, we only knew that he had a high reputation for integrity, and was a Separatist in Queensland, and a Home Ruler in his Irish proclivities. The inference seemed to be that he might not be very keen for Australian unity. He turned out to be one of its ablest advocates, and one of his phrases is likely to thrill the popular fibre. "What would the local Legislatures surrender after all?" he asked. "They would surrender a little authority, a little dignity, but the people would surrender nothing. Let our people once clearly apprehend that they will surrender nothing, and the cause of Federation will be half won." Mr. Macrossan touched, however, upon dangerous ground when

he contended that some power ought to be given to the Federal Parliament to cut up the different Colonies which exist at present in Australia, and form them into smaller states. All thoughtful men would agree to this; but it will not be easy to persuade the average local patriot that New South Wales, which is half as big again as France, and Queensland, which is more than twice the size of New South Wales, are too unwieldy for effective local government. The determination of this point is one of our great problems in the future. It may lead to civil war, if a peaceful mode of arbitrament is not provided.

The most really important motion carried by the Conference is Mr. Deakin's, providing that the delegates shall take the necessary steps to induce the Legislatures of their respective Colonies to appoint delegates to a National Convention, empowered to consider and report upon an adequate scheme for a Federal Constitution. Mr. Clark of Tasmania carried an amendment to this, which provides for the election during the present year. Now if this resolution is acted on throughout Australia, the battle of Federation will be half won. I am afraid the chances are that it will fall through. For, if delegates are named, it is indispensable, as Mr. Gillies pointed out in the few weighty words with which he summed up the Conference, "that resolutions ought not in the interests of the country to be passed by any Parliament tying the hands of its delegates either in one direction or another." Now, I feel confident that even in Victoria, where the feeling for Federation is strongest, and where it is a matter of life and death to us to open the Intercolonial market to our manufactures, there will be the strongest objection to allowing this unfettered liberty of debate and resolution. An attempt will be made to restrain the delegates from assenting to any proposal hostile to protection, such, for instance, as the abolition of the stock tax; and if the objectors cannot secure a majority in Parliament, they will claim that so important a matter ought not to be decided without a reference to the constituencies. It will be argued, plausibly enough, that when the Convention has once settled upon the framework of a constitution the different states will have to accept or reject it *en bloc*, and that no community will like to incur the responsibility of standing out, least of all Victoria. I am bound to say that I think there is some truth in this reasoning. I believe the result of Federation would be to give us a strongly protective tariff against the outside world, but I have no doubt that border duties of every kind would be swept away, and that the unpopular and barbarous stock tax would be the very first doomed.

Mr. Deakin's third resolution, that the Federal Council should be utilised, till the new union could be cemented, was brought forward as a forlorn hope. Victoria was bound to show that she did not disbelieve in the partial union, which has really made the present movement possible. Sir Henry Parkes was thoroughly resolved that he would never admit the union he had refused to join to be adequate for any good purpose. The motion had to be withdrawn.

I have written not very sanguinely about the work done by the Conference. I make no doubt it will have a wholesome effect on public opinion; I think diplomacy may shape it into something good; but as it stands, I cannot regard it as a substantial success. It is pleasant to be able to speak with almost unmixed praise of the bearing and speeches of the delegates. Mr. Deakin, Sir Samuel Griffith, and Mr. Macrossan, perhaps carried off the honours of the discussion, but Mr. Macmillan was also excellent, and it really seems invidious to quote individuals where the general average was so good. Sir Henry Parkes rose in his last speech to a higher level than he had attained before, and was greeted with well-deserved though most disorderly cheers from the listeners who thronged the galleries. It is a pity that the speaker who called out this generous enthusiasm, showed all the petulance of a spoiled child in replying to very temperate criticism. He charged Mr. Playford with rudeness and insincerity, because that gentleman had asked, pertinently enough, why Sir Henry had not joined the Federal Council, and had not

kept the pledges given to the other Colonies in reference to the exclusion of the Chinese. His chief vials of wrath were, however, reserved for Sir J. L. Steere, who had asked a similar question about the Council, and whom Sir Henry suspected of wishing to "pose as a superior personage." He bluntly called Sir James "disingenuous," and sarcastically compared a suburb of Sydney, sending only four members to Parliament, with Western Australia, which, with no larger population, "has a Parliament of its own, with the incalculable advantage of Sir James Lee Steere as President." Mr. Gillies, as chairman, executed the difficult task of pronouncing a public censure on these unmannerly attacks with singular good taste and dignity. This prevented a quarrel. Mr. Playford, borrowing one of Sir Henry's boasts, declared that he would not retaliate, and Sir J. L. Steere did better still, and was silent.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE FOR THE RURAL VOTERS.

SIR,—The County Voters Defence Association has now been publicly launched, and will, it is hoped, have the sympathy and support of THE SPEAKER.

Its objects are, as its name indicates, to secure to the inhabitants of the rural districts freedom and independence in the exercise of their electoral rights. Few who know the conditions of life in the English and Welsh counties can fail to have come across instances of the grossest intimidation of labourers and small shopkeepers at election times. The Defence Association regards this intimidation as morally infamous, and is determined to stamp it out in the interests of all parties alike.

Its methods are to bring the full light of publicity on those who use superior social position to unfairly influence their poorer neighbours. The defeat of these immoral tactics will be secured, it is believed, by their unflinching exposure, and if in the course of such exposure the Association becomes liable to legal proceedings, they will be welcomed as affording opportunity for a further and more complete demonstration of the baser methods of political partisans. For the village martyr, the Association promises indemnity for losses coming to him in the exercise of his political rights, and it will take care that no man is made poorer for resisting the unrighteous oppression of his pastors and masters. If the severe boycott prevents a villager from earning his living in any place, the Association will be in a position to move him to some other locality, where employers of labour and landowners will give him the means of living free from political terrors.

Under the presidency of Mr. John Morley, and the chairmanship of the Marquis of Ripon, with standing counsel to advise the Association such as Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., Mr. F. Lockwood, Q.C., Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., and Mr. Asquith, Q.C., wise, vigorous, and successful action is assured. Already, two-thirds of the required income of £2,000 a year is promised, and the Association will start on its work with the coming month. Yours very truly,

WALTER FOSTER.

March 26th, 1890.

THE EIGHT HOURS QUESTION.

SIR,—Of your writer on the Eight Hours question in your number of March 8th, and his lofty air of Olympian Mugwump or Mugwumpishness (*car l'un et l'autre se disent*, as the expiring Grammarian said), I would say a word or two merely. Has he ever heard (and he writes of America) of Russell Lowell's celebrated lines to the effect that "John P. Robinson, he says they did not know everything down in Judee"?

It is possible that the information he has as to the intentions of the American working men, if reduced to print, and collated carefully, would necessitate the addition of a new wing or two to the British Museum. But this by the way. What way?

Why in this direction? In the article on the Eight Hours Law in the United States I find much statement. I adore statement. It is so fresh and charming. Proof though I respect. It is stated that "the most intelligent and most skilled workmen in America do not desire their hours to be reduced by legislative enactments."

It is pleasant to hear this. Nice also to find that the opinion of "the most skilled and intelligent" has been consulted for the

special design of pleasing THE SPEAKER. I find, though, no proof of this. Only the bare assertion. I repeat that nothing is more delightful than assertion.

Nothing carries us back more entirely to the times (high old times!) of the cave-bear and eight-footed horse.

Therefore I love assertion (as I do the cave-bear)—I love it, but am not much afraid of it, unless supported by evidence. Where is the evidence of this assertion? Where is the report of a meeting of "the most skilled and intelligent?" Where is the expression of opinion in newspaper reports or government documents?

Where is *le preux* Charlemagne?

Who says any one here is seeking to make it a misdemeanour for a man to work more than eight hours a day? This is another of your assertions—so pleasant, so easy of utterance, and so difficult to prove. What we are endeavouring to do here is in certain trades and occupations to make it a misdemeanour for the employer to employ a man more than eight hours a day. Between this and the proposition as stated by you, that we wish to make it a misdemeanour to work more than eight hours a day, there is a wide difference. What the Knights of Labour and Federation of Labour demand, as I read their newspapers, is to pass laws to prevent American employers from employing, and forcing men, under pain of dismissal, to work more than eight hours a day. Of course, Eight Hours laws in Chicago have been enacted, and loopholes introduced into them, allowing the employers (not men) to compel their hands to work overtime.

Was it wonderful in such a country as America, was it strange in such a Legislature as that of Chicago, composed entirely of the rich, that such provisions were inserted, and the laws rendered inoperative?

Chicago, Chicago, thou that hankest the workers, and battenest upon their unpaid toil! Tell me, Mr. Editor, was it not precisely because these laws were evaded in Chicago that the present agitation to force them to be respected took its origin? Was it not at a meeting to demand the observance of these laws that the police, without cause and in the absence of the civil authority, fired upon the people? Did not someone (unknown) answer with a dynamite bomb? Were not four cold-blooded judicial murders subsequently perpetrated without a particle of evidence? Were not three men hanged? And this because the eight hours day was threatened. Did not all this happen in Chicago, and as I have narrated it? If the "intelligent" and "skilled" working-men of America are against an Eight Hours Law, as you assert, surely it is strange that on the 1st of May the Knights of Labour, the Federation of Labour, and the workers in general, are going to demand it.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

(OMAR KHAYYAM IN LONDON.)

WAKE! For the Sun at last hath lent us light.

The wind of March with mitigated might
Propels the parching dust at peacefuller pace;
The Lion flees, the Lamb looms slow in sight.

The Almond Blossom flutters in the breeze,
Making Mayfair look almost Japanese;

The Football Finals draw the clamorous crowd;
The early Batsman seeks the sodden crease.

The Penny Press now prompts its Graphic Man
To babble of green fields and genial Pan.

The true Thames votary turns his flannels o'er,
With dreams of Double-Sculling and Randan.

Bismarck the Great has gone with winter's snows,
And what the Emperor's game is goodness knows;

But still "brave Balfour" baits the Celtic band,
Still the thrasonic Colonel boldly blows.

Cold Parnell's lips are locked; but half divine,
High-sniffing Webster still will whine, whine, whine;

And still the "Thunderer" will flout its foes,
Inquiry boggle at and proof decline.

Come, brim the cup ; in purging fires of Spring,
Thy winter robe, Recrimination, fling :

 Trevelyan hath not yet his gentle way,
Easter's at hand, the Session's on the wing.

Whether in Bond Street or at Burlington,
Art's cup shall soon with May's sweet nectar run.

 The Wine of Spring is brightening drop by drop,
The Leaves of Spring are opening one by one.

Each morn a thousand "Leaders" brings, you say ;
Yes ; but where now are those of yesterday ?

 On this first day of Spring, which brings the Rose,
Oh ! take the *Times* and *Telegraph* away !

What, for the moment glad, have we to do
With Salisbury's love of the Precisely True ?

 Let Goschen thunder at us as he will,
Or Tyndall call us traitors—heed not you !

Let young Scotch Tories talk of trenchant Hate
As the first Duty of true friends of State,

 Or hotly ape the Anti-Jacobin ;
For the true Tiger-style 'tis all too late.

They fancy, fondly, they the fire can keep
Of days when Canning gloried and drank deep.

 The blatant braying of the young Wild Ass
Breaks not our hearts, though it may break our sleep.

A Moment's Halt !—a momentary taste
Of coolness from the Well amid the Waste—

 And lo ! again the Caravan shall start
O'er the hot desert sands with hotter haste !

Though we change acrid taunts until we tire,
Like the Tentmaker we would but conspire

 To take the Scheme of State to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !

TO THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR: ON THE ELECTION FOR AYR.

IN Ayr your triumphs have begun,
But it will make you stare
To see their course they so will run
As still to end in *air*.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, March 28, 1890.

THERE has just been a small flutter amongst those who used to be called in the good old days, before printing was, and when even Peers of the Realm (now so highly educated) could not sign their names, or, at all events, preferred not to do so, stationers or text-writers—booksellers, they are now called—and the question which agitates them is discount. Having mentioned this, one naturally passes on.

No great trade has an obscurer history than the book trade. It seems to lie choked in mountains of dust which it would be suicidal to disturb. Men have lived from time to time of literary skill—Dr. Johnson was one of them—who had knowledge, extensive and peculiar, of the traditions and practices of "the trade," as it is proudly styled by its votaries ; but no one of them has ever thought it worth his while to make record of his knowledge, which accordingly perished with him, and is now irrecoverably lost.

In old days booksellers were also publishers, frequently printers, and sometimes paper-makers. Jacob Tonson not only

owned Milton's "Paradise Lost"—for all time, as he fondly thought, for little did he dream of the fierce construction the House of Lords was to put upon the Copyright Act of Queen Anne—not only was Dryden's publisher, but kept shop in Chancery Lane, and sold books across the counter. He allowed no discount, but, so we are told, "spoke his mind upon all occasions, and flattered no one," not even glorious John.

For a long time past the trades of bookselling and book-publishing have been carried on apart. This has doubtless rid booksellers of all the unpopularity which formerly belonged to them in their other capacity. This unpopularity is now all heaped as a whole upon the publishers, who certainly need not dread the doom awaiting those of whom the world speaks well.

A tendency of the two trades to grow together again is perhaps noticeable. For my part, I wish they would. Some publishers are already booksellers, but the books they sell are usually only new books. Now it is obvious that the bookseller proper sells books both old and new. Some booksellers are occasional publishers. May each usurp—or, rather, reassume—the business of the other, retaining his own !

The world, it must be admitted, owes a great deal of whatever information it possesses about the professions, trades, and occupations practised and carried on in its midst to those who have failed in them. Prosperous men talk "shop," but seldom write it. The book that tells us most about booksellers and bookselling in bygone days is the work of a crack-brained fellow who published and sold in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., and died in 1733 in great poverty and obscurity. I refer to John Dunton, whose "Life and Errors" in the edition in two volumes edited by J. B. Nichols, and published in 1818, is a common book enough in the second-hand shops, and one which may be safely recommended to everyone, except, indeed, the unfortunate man or woman who is not an adept in the art, craft, or mystery of skipping.

The book will strangely remind the reader of Amory's "Life of John Bunce"—those queer volumes to which many a reader has been sent by Hazlitt's intoxicating description of them in his "Round Table," and a few perhaps by a shy allusion contained in one of the essays of Elia. Poor real John Dunton has not the boundless spirits of the fictitious John Bunce ; but in their religious fervour, their passion for flirtation, their tireless egotism, and their love of character-sketching, they greatly resemble one another.

It is this last characteristic that imparts real value to Dunton's book, and makes it, despite its verbiage and tortuosity, throb with human interest. For example, he gives us a short sketch of no less than 135 then living London booksellers, in this style :—"Mr. Newton is full of kindness and good-nature. He is affable and courteous in trade, and is none of those men of forty whose religion is yet to chuse, for his mind (like his looks) is serious and grave ; and his neighbours tell me his understanding does not improve too fast for his practice, for he is not religious by start or sally, but is well fixed in the faith and practice of a Church of England man—and has a handsome wife into the bargain."

Most of the 135 booksellers were good men, according to Dunton, but not all. "Mr. Lee in Lombard Street. Such a pirate, such a cormorant was never before. Copies, books, men, shops, all was one. He held no propriety right or wrong, good or bad, till at last he began to be known ; and the booksellers, not enduring so ill a man among them, spewed him out, and off he marched to Ireland, where he acted as *felonious Lee* as he did in London. And as Lee lived a thief, so he died a hypocrite ; for

being asked on his death-bed if he would forgive Mr. C. (that had formerly wronged him), 'Yes,' said Lee, 'if I die, I forgive him; but if I happen to live, I am resolved to be revenged on him.'

The Act of Union destroyed the trade of these pirates, but their felonious editions of eighteenth-century authors still abound. Mr. Gladstone, I need scarcely say, was careful in his Home Rule Bill (which was denounced by thousands who never read a line of it) to withdraw copyright from the scope of action of his proposed Dublin Parliament.

There are upwards of a thousand brief character-sketches in Dunton's book, of all sorts and kinds, but with a preference for bookish people, divines, both of the Establishment and out of it, printers, and authors. Sometimes, indeed, the description is short enough, and tells one very little. To many readers, references so curt to people of whom they never heard, and whose names are recorded nowhere else, save on their mouldering grave-stones, may seem tedious and trivial, but for others they will have a strange fascination. Here are a few examples:—

"Affable *Wiggins*. His conversation is general but never impertinent.

"The kind and golden *Venables*. He is so good a man, and so truly charitable, he that will write of him, must still write more.

"Mr. *Bury*—my old neighbour in Redcross Street. He is a plain honest man, sells the best coffee in all the neighbourhood, and lives in this world like a spiritual stranger and pilgrim in a foreign country.

"Anabaptist (alias *Elephant*) *Smith*. He was a man of great sincerity and happy contentment in all circumstances of life."

If an affection for passages of this kind be condemned as trivial and as akin to the sentimentalism of the man in Calverley's poem who wept over a box labelled "This side up," I will shelter myself behind Carlyle, who was evidently deeply moved, as his review of Boswell's Johnson proves, by the life-history of Mr. F. Lewis, "of whose birth, death, and whole terrestrial *res geste* this only, and, strange enough, this actually, survives—'Sir, he lived in London, and hung loose upon society. *Stat PARVI hominis umbra*.'" On that peg Carlyle's imagination hung a whole biography.

Dunton, who was the son of the Rector of Aston Clinton, was apprenticed, about 1675, to a London bookseller. He had from the beginning a great turn both for religion and love. He, to use his own phrase, "sat under the powerful ministry of Mr. Doolittle." "One Lord's day, and I remember it with sorrow, I was to hear the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, and it was then and there the beautiful Rachel Seaton gave me that fatal wound."

The first book Dunton ever printed was by the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, and was of an eminently religious character.

"One Lord's Day (and I am very sensible of the sin) I was strolling about just as my fancy led me, and, stepping into Dr. Annesley's meeting-place—where, instead of engaging my attention to what the Doctor said, I suffered both my mind and eyes to run at random—I soon singled out a young lady that almost charmed me dead; but, having made my inquiries, I found to my sorrow she was pre-engaged." However, Dunton was content with the elder sister, one of the three daughters of Dr. Annesley. The one he first saw became the wife of the Reverend Samuel Wesley, and the mother of John and Charles. The third daughter is said to have been married to Daniel Defoe.

As soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, Dunton set up business as a publisher and bookseller. He says grimly enough—

"A man should be well furnished with an honest policy if he intends to set out to the world, nowadays. And this is no less

necessary in a bookseller than in any other tradesman, for in that way there are plots and counter-plots, and a whole army of hackney authors that keep their grinders moving by the travail of their pens. These gormandisers will eat you the very life out of a copy so soon as ever it appears, for as the times go, *Original* and *Abridgement* are almost reckoned as necessary as man and wife."

The mischief to which Dunton refers was permitted by the stupidity of the judges, who refused to consider an abridgment of a book any interference with its copyright. Some learned judges have, indeed, held that an abridger is a benefactor, but as his benefactions are not his own but another's, a shorter name might be found for him. The law on the subject is still uncertain.

Dunton proceeds:—"Printing was now the uppermost in my thoughts, and hackney authors began to ply me with *specimens* as earnestly and with as much passion and concern as the watermen do passengers with *Oars* and *Scullers*. I had some acquaintance with this generation in my apprenticeship, and had never any warm affection for them, in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in *how much a sheet*, than in any generous respect they bore to the *Commonwealth of Learning*; and indeed the learning itself of these gentlemen lies very often in as little room as their honesty, though they will pretend to have studied for six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass both of Human and Ecclesiastic History, when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of St. Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ."

Yet of one of this hateful tribe Dunton is able to speak well. He declares Mr. Bradshaw to have been the best accomplished hackney author he ever met with. He pronounces his style incomparably fine. He had quarrelled with him, but none the less he writes:—"If Mr. Bradshaw is yet alive, I here declare to the world and to him that I freely forgive him what he owes, both in money and books, if he will only be so kind as to make me a visit. But I am afraid the worthy gentleman is dead, for he was wretchedly over-run with melancholy, and the very blackness of it reigned in his countenance. He had certainly performed wonders with his pen, had not his poverty pursued him and almost laid the necessity upon him to be unjust."

All hackney authors were not poor. Some of the compilers and abridgers made what even now would be considered by popular novelists large sums. Scotsmen were very good at it. Gordon and Campbell became wealthy men. If they had a turn for politics, Sir Robert Walpole was an excellent paymaster. Arnall, who was bred an attorney, is stated to have been paid £11,000 in four years by the Government for his pamphlets.

"Come, then, I'll comply.
Spirit of Arnall, aid me while I lie!"

It cannot have been pleasant to read this, but then Pope belonged to the opposition, and was a friend of Lord Bolingbroke, and would consequently say anything.

There is not a more interesting and artless autobiography to be read than William Hutton's, the famous bookseller and historian of Birmingham. Hutton has been somewhat absurdly called the English Franklin. He is not in the least like Franklin. He has none of Franklin's supreme literary skill, and he was a loving, generous, and tender-hearted man, which Franklin certainly was not. Hutton's first visit to London was paid in 1749. He walked up from Nottingham, spent three days in London, and then walked back to Nottingham. The jaunt, if such an expression is applicable, cost him eleven shillings less

fourpence. Yet he paid his way. The only money he spent to gain admission to public places was a penny to see Bedlam.

Interesting, however, as is Hutton's book, it tells us next to nothing about book-selling, except that in his hands it was a prosperous undertaking. A. B.

Professor Stuart Poole, the distinguished Egyptologist, lectured in Bloomsbury on Wednesday upon the social problem in the East. Referring to the extraordinary hospitality of the Arabs, who gave to all comers at least three days of food and shelter and would have been insulted by thanks, the Professor expressed the opinion that there was at least one lesson to be drawn, namely, that our English giving of charity must alter its tone, and, like the Eastern method, have more of the aspect of a favour conferred not upon the recipient but upon the giver. The richest man he ever knew—a man with an income of a thousand a day—declared that his property was only a trust.

Professor Poole's nephew, Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, is writing a biography of Sir Richard Church, the hero of Greek independence. Although both Finlay and Gordon, the historians of latter-day Greece, have written much about General Church, he is little more than a name to the majority of his countrymen. He was the uncle, it may be mentioned, of the present gifted Dean of St. Paul's.

The "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" which Mr. J. A. Froude has completed for Messrs. Sampson Low's "English Statesmen Series," under the editorship of Mr. Stuart J. Reid, is almost ready. The historian takes a singularly original view of the great Conservative leader's career, and forms a quite different estimate from that which was summed up in the words of his friend and master concerning "that cool conscious juggler whom men call Dizzy."

"The Plots of Shakspeare's Plays" is the title of a new book of Shakspeare criticism by Mr. Cyril Ransome, Professor of English Literature in the Yorkshire College, Leeds, which Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just republished Mr. Justin McCarthy's eminently readable history compressed into one handy little half-crown volume, entitled "A Short History of Our Own Times."

A slight clerical error crept into our notice of the volume on the "Death Duties" last week. It is Mr. G. Stappylton Barnes, not Mr. J. G. Barnes, who has collaborated with Mr. Sydney Buxton in the production of this interesting and very valuable work, which may be regarded as the best text-book upon the subject.

REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICHTE.

1. THE POPULAR WORKS OF JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE. Translated from the German by W. Smith, LL.D. Two vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.
2. (a) THE SCIENCE OF KNOWLEDGE; (b) THE SCIENCE OF RIGHTS. Translated by A. E. Kroeger. Two vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

BOTH of these translations have seen the light ere now, but in widely parted regions: only now does their conjunct appearance allow them to furnish an adequate image of the most characteristic work of one of the most striking figures in German philosophy. Dr. Smith's performance, now deservedly in a fourth edition, came out some forty years ago in Chapman's series, one of the earlier attempts to acclimatise continental thought amongst us. Mr. Kroeger's versions still betray their origin in efforts to transplant transcendentalism into America. They were first published at Philadelphia in 1868-70.

The two translators possess more than ordinary accomplishments for their task. The industry Mr. Kroeger has exhibited in the interpretation of Fichte is beyond all praise. The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, from its commencement in 1867, includes frequent contributions from his renderings of his

favourite author, and of his general competence there is no doubt. Unfortunately he has formed a conception of his functions which could be justified only by unquestioned success in achievement. What he has produced is not a translation, but a paraphrase, with frequent condensation and even rearrangement of the original. It is not the pure Fichte, but Fichte-cum-Kroeger. Even the titles are his own; the "Science of Rights," e.g., is more literally "Principles of Natural Law." In this work he transposes paragraphs with a liberal hand, and without notice; a procedure reaching its climax in page 217, where, infatuated with his discovery that "the United States is the only lawful commonwealth on the face of the globe," and with the corollary that "every State can be compelled to become a member of [such] a confederate republic," he seems by inadvertence to have allowed a clause of his note to creep into the text. It may be doubted whether any translator can justify such a high-handed method, can excuse such interchanges as "imagination" for intellect, "being" for freedom, and such slips as "transitively" for *en passant*, or can omit the scholarly accuracy, e.g., of qualifying the words of Fichte's text, "All individuals are included in the one great unity of spirit," by the words of Fichte's foot-note, "The unity of the pure spirit is for me an unattainable ideal." These are shortcomings in duty, and suggest that a revision in a more conservative mood would have made Mr. Kroeger's translation, even more than it is now, substantially a substitute for the German.

It is true, however, that Fichte's systematic exposition severely tests the resources of a translator; and in this respect Dr. Smith has the easier task. With the exception of a few passages in the "Vocation of Man" and the "Lectures on Religion," the popular works deserve their title. And the translation well maintains that standard. There are blemishes, of course: what translation is without them? Seldom, indeed, are they so conspicuous as in vol. II., p. 104, where in line 13, instead of "an actual phase of development," the meaning requires the *actual principle of development*; and in line 32, the sentence commencing "The power of governing others," &c., caricatures the original. It may be suggested that in the memoir the foot-note (p. 92) needs correction; that the "quart of medoc wine" (p. 110) is a misconstruction which makes the philosopher seem bibulous, and that *Aegidus* (p. 140) is not a word used by English scholars. But these errors of minutiae need not obliterate the debt for so readable a version of a great classic.

It will be a good sign of the times if, amid the rival temptations of more highly spiced contemporary speculation, Fichte still retains a fair share of popularity. His influence on the more thoughtful portion of the public is due to his comparative independence of purely academic forms. As a student he had escaped that semi-monastic regulation which Schelling and Hegel underwent in the *Stift* at Tübingen, and it was apparently only the pressure of difficulties about necessity and freewill connected with his theological studies which led him in his twenty-eighth year to take a plunge into the ethical metaphysics of Kant. At once he rose up a philosopher, baptised with the fire of that radical and reconstructive audacity which smoulders, but refuses to blaze, in the sage of Königsberg. A genuine idealist was Fichte, if ever there was one. Not that he was a dreamer or a phantast. His perpetual "deductions"—even of limbs and eyes—may easily provoke the laugh which Goethe did not disdain to join in. But, as one laughs, one should remember that, under this guise of deduction and synthetic method, is presented a specimen of perseverance in thinking superior to irrelevancies and to fragmentary reflections, and a lesson that incoherence is the fundamental vice of thought.

A triple service Fichte may still perform. For the philosophical specialist he will be the best help towards bringing to a focus the scattered rays of Kantian thought. Dr. Harris begins his excellent preface to the "Science of Knowledge" by the remark that "if modern philosophy goes 'back to Kant' after the present time, it is certain to go forward to Fichte again after a due interval." That interval should not be long postponed. Even if Fichte has gone further than Kant cared to follow, it is something to have the issue between dogmatism and the new philosophy presented in clear statements.

If the specialist gets braced up by this hard thinking he is expected to share, the general reader, bent on edification, will find a stimulating surrogate for the Sunday lecture in the Characteristics of the present Age, and the Way towards the Blessed Life. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale the austere beauty of that prophet-voice calling upon his generation to rise up and live the "life dedicated to ideas." This devotion of the individual to the species—for this is the life in ideas—is, as Lassalle has said, the central sun of Fichte's philosophy! "What after all," he says, "mean our labours for abstract science? Why should science be

kept alive from generation to generation? Evidently that at the proper time it may mould the general life and the whole human order; and thus, though perhaps in a distant future, even scientific effort indirectly serves the State."

A generation bent on recasting its social and political forms has much to learn from a rationalist not less saintly than Mill. His faith pictured for his nation its entrance on "a genuine realm of law, such as had not yet appeared in the world's history, with a freedom founded on the equality of all that wears a human face." It is this hopefulness which touches so gratefully the workers in a field where endless disappointments yet await the lovers of reform. Yet even in practical measures Fichte's idealism elevates the discussion. To him, and those who learned from him, much more than to Saint Simon and Fourier, is due the increasing Socialism in the modern idea of the State. In remarks that "the need of nourishment is alone the original incentive, as its satisfaction is the final aim of the State," or that "it is the fundamental principle of a reasonable polity that everyone should be able to live from his labour," or that "there will be no idlers and no poor in the reasonable State," we have the bases of that economic community which is briefly sketched in the "natural law," and worked out in the "Close trade-State" of 1800. On the questions of woman, marriage, and the like, too, Fichte will be found a corrective against the meanness with which the question is too frequently soiled. And if any pedant shrinks from the sound of "natural law," he may pluck up heart, for Fichte, too, is aware that "there is no natural law, no legal relation between human beings possible, except in a commonwealth and under positive laws."

A POPULAR MEDIAEVAL PREACHER.

LES CONTES MORALISÉS DE NICOLE BOZON, FRÈRE MINEUR : publiés pour la première fois, d'après les manuscrits de Londres et de Cheltenham, par Lucy Toulmin Smith et Paul Meyer. One vol., 8vo. Paris : Firmin Didot. 1889.

THOUGH a writer in the French language, this mediæval moralist belongs in some ways to the history of English literature, and we owe a debt to Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith and M. Paul Meyer for their having rescued him from the oblivion into which he had fallen. From the vague and scanty records that we can gather of the Franciscan Bozon, we can at least find out with certainty that he was born in England, where, in the second quarter of the fourteenth century, he was writing his *contes* in that "mauvais Français qu'on parlait et surtout qu'on écrivait en Angleterre à la fin du XIII^e siècle et dans la première moitié du XIV^e."

In the habit, which was rapidly developing among popular preachers, of trying to cultivate the attention of the listeners by stories out of which one could point a moral, is to be found the origin of this, and of other books like this. Inspired by those democratic tendencies which were in the essence of the Franciscan life, these stories, springing often from popular sources and speaking to popular ears, serve us as a precious guide towards a true insight into popular customs and thought. Undoubtedly Bozon, in compiling his fables, has had a frequent recourse to the books of several well-known writers like Bede, Bartholomew of Glanvil, James of Vitri, and others; his peculiar interest, however, lies in the fact that he has chiefly found either the foundation or the detail of his stories in other stories told in writing or by word of mouth, but English in origin and language.

This fact is important, because, as M. Meyer observes in his excellent preface, from the fashion of writing in French, the English literature in the thirteenth century, and part of the fourteenth, has come to be much less represented than it might have been. The compositions in the English language, destined chiefly for the common people, did not meet with much favour among the more cultivated classes, and ran great risks of being lost. Now, from many internal evidences of phrases and of names in this book, one may clearly gather that Bozon, before writing them, had heard many of his stories told in English from the lips of his contemporaries, and this gives at once no slight interest to this book.

Nor is this its only merit. Although neither an original nor a very accomplished writer, Bozon has some qualities to distinguish him, which M. Meyer resumes briefly and vividly in a few lines worth quoting. "He is an honest monk," says he; "somewhat vulgar, but with a certain experience of the society of his time, which he judges in a narrow and rather ill-natured

spirit. His book is, notwithstanding, of the greatest interest. It has a fascinating character of sincerity. Evidently the book has been preached, and no doubt more than once, before having been written. The apparent disorder in the arrangement of the contents shows that we have before us fragments hurriedly compiled and carelessly collected, some parts being still little more than notes. In the whole of the Anglo-Norman literature there is not a single work which can give us so complete an idea of the popular preaching in England at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Not that the book of Bozon is properly a book of sermons; but one can well consider it as formed of the same elements as were used for the ground of the sermons preached to the people by the preachers of the Order to which Bozon belonged."

A great value is added to these *contes* by copious and learned notes, which serve as a commentary to the text, and supply the reader with a large store of useful and original information. But admirable above all is the preface which has been written by M. Paul Meyer, and shows the firm grasp of his masterly hand. The part of it especially relating to the expansion of the French language in England is very remarkable, and contains a great number of observations both sound and acute. Only, even if we admit, as an hypothesis, that the history of the relations between France and England might have been different from what they have been in reality, still it seems somewhat exaggerated to believe in the possibility of the French language becoming so prevalent as to supplant the English and extinguish it entirely. There is no doubt that the consequences of such a fact would have been beyond any calculation, but we are at a loss to see with M. Meyer how they could in any case have been profitable to humanity.

MOULTON'S "ANCIENT CLASSICAL DRAMA."

THE ANCIENT CLASSICAL DRAMA: A STUDY IN LITERARY EVOLUTION. Intended for readers in English and in the Original. By R. G. Moulton. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1890.

MR. MOULTON is well known as a Cambridge "Extension" lecturer who has made a success that can only be called remarkable. Enthusiasts for classics are sometimes alarmed lest, in a utilitarian age, the ancient literatures may be crowded out of education. For such persons it will be reassuring to learn that Mr. Moulton has lectured in twenty-six towns on the classical drama; and one course was given (at Newcastle-on-Tyne) to an audience of over 700, not one-tenth of whom knew a word of Greek or Latin. A fact like this at least shows that, with the right sower, there is a wide field awaiting the seed; and it certainly entitles the author to a respectful hearing when he issues a study of ancient drama "for readers in English and in the original."

We think that both classes of readers will find much to interest them in Mr. Moulton's work. The evolution of a literary form of such supreme importance as the drama, though its stages may be familiar to the student, will always have great interest for the general reader, whether highly educated or not. And even the student often confines his researches within too narrow limits, and will welcome a sketch which reaches from the primitive Greek dithyramb, through the rhetorical tragedy of Seneca, to the romantic drama. Perhaps the most original feature of the book is the bold method of illustration adopted by the author. In one chapter, for example, he points the contrast between the early stages of the drama by an imaginary sketch. He takes the myth of Lycurgus and works it up first into a lyric tragedy, next into a transition drama, and finally into a complete play of the classic age.

Still more original, and perhaps even audacious, is his attempt to arrange *Macbeth* as a classical tragedy. But though there is much here that invites criticism, we think the audacity is to be commended, for it forces the student to think, and impresses the principles of classic handling more vividly than any amount of exposition.

At the same time we do not feel sure that the plan of writing one book for two such widely divergent standards is or can be entirely successful. The classical reader would hardly require the chapters which summarise the *Trilogy* of Æschylus, the *Birds* of Aristophanes, and the *Trinummus* of Plautus; while the English reader, if the experiment is to be fairly tried, ought certainly to read many more plays, not in summary, but in complete translations

before he can profitably assimilate the technical analysis here presented.

And throughout Mr. Moulton is rather unmerciful with his technical analysis. It is the lecturer's temptation, for the average student is greedy of it. If a subject is at all vague—and literary subjects are apt to be vague—a learner wants to feel that he has hold of something definite. He welcomes names, and headings, and subdivisions, and (1) (2) (3) to put down in his note-book. Feeling, appreciation, discrimination of literary quality—these things arise slowly, flit vaporously, slip easily away; but (1) (2) (3) in the note-book are an abiding possession. Against this well-known weakness the student needs protection, but we fear that Mr. Moulton encourages him in it. Of course a certain amount of classification is necessary. For example, in dealing with metres, with the various kinds of odes, with divers tragic motives, we expect subdivisions. But in this book we have too much of it—there is a plethora of pigeon-holes. And when things do not go naturally into the pigeon-holes, they are jammed in. We learn, for instance, that the origin of all literature is the ballad-dance, a combination of speech, music, and imitative gesture. This may do for drama and lyrics; but how about epic poetry? "In epic poetry," says Mr. Moulton, "the speech of the ballad-dance triumphs over the other two elements." The classical student may see a certain degree of truth in this, and he will admire the neat symmetry of statement. Three forms of poetry—lyric, epic, dramatic; three elements—music, speech, gesture—one element triumphing in each form. But for those who do not know the facts, the statement, while showy for the note-book, would be misleading for the mind.

This excess of system pervades the book, and the subdivisions are sometimes even incongruous and confused. In the enumeration of dramatic motives, for example, we begin very properly with Destiny, though even Destiny is fearfully subdivided. But our conception of what constitutes a dramatic motive is a good deal perturbed when we find "Geography" figuring in the list, on the strength of Io's wanderings in the "Prometheus." And after geography we get a series which is still more bizarre—"Mythology, politics, and social topics, especially women." Mr. Moulton gives a fine, and on the whole a true, answer to the charge of misogyny so commonly laid against Euripides, by reminding us that if we wish to know the poet's view of women we must look to the female characters he has created. But it is rather a shock to find Polyxena and Alcestis classed as "Social Topics" among a medley of other dramatic motives.

The literary criticisms are comparatively few—too few, we venture to think. The author might plead that he is tracing an evolution, not criticising, and that for the learner criticism may easily be overdone. But what a reader, and particularly an English reader, wants, in any study of literature, is above all an appreciation of the masterpieces; and in a literature remote in time and circumstances he needs much help to appreciate properly. The thing requires care and skill—it must really be *help* towards appreciating, not the estimate cut and dried and carted into him. The summaries of plays, if well done, will be helps of this kind—they will group the trees and exhibit the wood; and these summaries Mr. Moulton does mostly well, with sympathy and judgment. Sometimes, however, we cannot follow him at all. For example, in the "Alcestis" he censures the "common misunderstanding" of the play. We are all wrong, it seems, in feeling it hard to admire Admetus, the king who suffers his wife Alcestis to die for him. If the critic had argued that the affair was a divine arrangement; that the poet himself was conscious of another side to the question, and presents it in the mouth of the old father; that Admetus sees his error too late, and (as Browning has made us feel) is purified by remorse—all this might have had weight. Not at all. The real meaning of the play, according to our author, is the "worship of splendour," typified first in Apollo, the bright god, and secondly in *the hospitality of King Admetus*. "The sacrifice of Alcestis was undertaken, not for a man but for a cause;" and the cause is "the religion of hospitable splendour." Surely this is the very perversity of criticism. If the play is so to be interpreted, we have not so much erred in refusing sympathy to Admetus, as in wasting it on such a misguided victim of fanaticism as Alcestis.

In spite of these deficiencies there is much that may be useful in Mr. Moulton's book. The classical student can correct the judgments he dissents from, and dispense with what is excessive in the "schematisation." The English student will learn from Mr. Moulton more than any other book can teach him about the general history of the drama, though the superfluous analysis will try his digestion. But he will feel that there is still scope for a book which will analyse less minutely, but stimulate and even instruct him more.

LIFE IN PLANTAGENET TIMES.

COURT LIFE UNDER THE PLANTAGENETS. By Hubert Hall, F.S.A.
London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

IN his account of "Court Life under the Plantagenets," Mr. Hubert Hall has given us a book which bears all the evidences of genuine labour and wide knowledge. In his studies at the Record Office he has accumulated stores of excellent material for the illustration of the life of our forefathers, and his work is stamped with the sincerity that comes only of original research from the very sources of history. In framing his book, Mr. Hall has been mainly moved by the desire to use all this knowledge for the purpose of kindling in the general public an interest in a time so strange—so rich in picturesque detail, so pathetic in its tales of terror and of passionate human emotion, and so intense in its varied activities. He has apparently had in mind two classes of readers, and while the learned notes of the Appendix appeal directly to the student, he proposes to quicken and encourage the languid curiosity and flagging interest of the "general reader" by his promise in the preface of a "historical novel," which shall give the "delineation of living characters and the description of existing institutions." Every reader will naturally judge for himself how far this device (which Mr. Hall himself speaks of as "much abused") will meet his case, and open to him the gate of knowledge. Many will doubtless share in a regret that so much excellent material should have been wasted by being thrown into a singularly clumsy and inartistic form. The opening sentences of the book do indeed recall the "two horsemen" dear to the readers of G. P. R. James; but the expectations raised by the "small party of travellers" who are "seen riding slowly and painfully, as though both man and beast were exhausted by a far and toilsome journey," are doomed to swift disappointment. No sooner has the "son of Nigel" dismounted at the castle of "Richard de Anesti" than the serious business of the book begins. The two friends take an early walk over the farm, and discuss its management, the mode of tillage, the expenses of farming, the manner of assessment, the conduct of the various courts, and the like. Their language is marked by a careful, one might almost say an archaic, formality, which is not quite of the nineteenth century, nor yet of the twelfth, and which adds some additional obscurity to their treatment—not always in itself very lucid—of subjects already hard for the modern reader to grasp fully. When these country topics have been exhausted, the friends ride together to London, where Richard de Anesti discusses the trade regulations of the twelfth century with William de Glanvill, goes to see a miracle play, and visits various city sights, such as the Palace at Westminster, the Exchequer and the Courts of Justice, under the guidance of the Treasurer. On a ride to Windsor Walter de Map explains to him the rapacity of the Court officials. At Waltham, Athelard the Canon describes the history and fate of the monastery; and at St. Alban's, Alexander Necham discourses on the virtues of the garden herbs which he is gathering, and instructs him as to their mystic significance. Finally no more questions remain to be asked, and the one function of the hero is gone. It needs no violent catastrophe to carry away so vague a phantom of conscientious inquiry. He simply vanishes. From St. Alban's "he would have set out, we may suppose, on his homeward journey;" and so we leave him with little anxiety, though with some regrets that the Richard of Anesti with whom the historical student has long sympathised for his real adventures, should in these latter days have been pressed into the sorry service of assistant showman in this almost grotesque manner.

The form of the book, indeed, in its artless simplicity disarms criticism and discussion. Such a series of conversations really eludes all the real difficulties that beset the historical writer. In tracing the character of a long past age, in calling out once more its buried life, the essential difficulty is that of form; in other words, it is the difficulty of adding to knowledge the sympathetic insight by which the historian discerns the relative importance of his facts and their mutual bearing on one another, and by which he selects and marshals his materials into a fitting order. Such order is ill replaced by making a series of word-pictures pass before the reader like slides of a magic lantern, so that their sole inter-connection and relation depends on the fact that the conversations about them are all addressed to one long-suffering listener. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Hall, with his great knowledge of men and things in the time with which he deals, should not have aimed at more than this mere surface-reproduction, and made some attempt to gather his materials into something more than a "historical novel." The "general reader" is no doubt formidable in his requirements. He prefers, above all things, to be treated with deference. Deficient as he is of the

intellectual self-confidence and the fine sense of authority that distinguish the specialist, he is yet conscious of occasional flashes of discernment, and suspects that his judgment may be singularly direct, uncompromising, and dangerous to trifle with. We have, however, seen in many instances—as, for example, of late in the instance of M. Jusserand's "Wandering Life"—how ready and alert even his attention may become when he is fairly dealt with.

Many of Mr. Hall's pictures are copied and composed with care, and are vivid and interesting. The story of Richard de Anesti's famous lawsuit, as told by himself, is excellently translated, and the effect is heightened by dexterously inserting a contemporary account of an appeal to the Court of Rome, with its strange and picturesque incidents. The description of a day's work at the Exchequer is quite admirable, and gives such a picture as has never been given before of the working of that great institution. The miracle-play, the scenes at the translation of the relics of St. Amphibalus, the grim picture of the criminal who had abjured the kingdom, are curious and graphic scenes. In the account of Henry's religious "foundations," it will be well for the reader to bear in mind the interesting facts which were first brought out by Miss Norgate in her admirable history as to the various other religious houses founded by the King for Carthusians, Augustinians, Gilbertines, and Templars, both in England and across the Channel—facts which historians can no longer neglect in passing too rapid judgment on him in the matter of his vow and its fulfilment.

In the Appendix we find researches into the topography of Westminster Palace, which are also full of interest. There are also tables of average prices of farm-produce in the time of Henry II., and lists of the Jewish settlements, and of pleas, &c., in 1177, taken from the Pipe Rolls, which are very conveniently tabulated, and would be useful helps to work in these subjects. The translation of the "Constitutio Domus Regis" is interesting and valuable. On one entry about "Servants ushers to the Bishop," Mr. Hall makes a puzzling comment: "the Bishop," he says, "being, of course, Richard Fitz Nigel the Treasurer." Now, the "Constitutio" dates, as Mr. Hall himself says, from the reign of Henry II., and Richard Fitz Nigel was not bishop until after Henry's death.

It is in his translations, or in single dramatic scenes, that Mr. Hall appears at his best. There are some of the more important mediæval institutions in which his interest is apparently slight. The survey of the manor gives little help to the student; it is obscure on some points, evades altogether all the more serious problems, and is eminently unscientific in its mode of discussing the plough-tax. The account of the regulation of commerce also is superficial in treatment, and its explanations do not make the subject at all plain. In "delineation of living character" Mr. Hall is singularly unfortunate. The view given of Henry II. does not even attempt to recall the true proportions of that strange and tragic figure. John of Salisbury has been fetched across the Channel, but that great man, "the central figure of English learning"—as Dr. Stubbs calls him—might well have stayed at home. The great dead who have been assembled about the Court cannot but suffer from the impossible attempt to gather them together in groups of busy talkers.

Some lesser questions occur here and there to the reader. What was the peculiarity of "clerical" Latin, and what authority is there for the proposal to hold the pleadings of the Spanish arbitration in Norman-French? Did Henry II. really do such an extraordinary thing as to take an aid for the marriage of his third daughter? (p. 137). Mr. Hall assumes the "Italian birth" of J. Fantosme (p. 152), but this is regarded by Mr. Howlett, the editor whom Mr. Hall considers to have "so admirably interpreted" his poem (p. 270) as not proven. Who were the courtly historical writers at Canterbury and St. Paul's in 1177 (p. 192)? The "Bishops of London and Ely, Richard Fitz Nigel and Richard of Ilchester," are spoken of on page 238; but Richard of Ilchester was Bishop of Winchester, and the Bishop of Ely was Geoffrey Ridel. A writer so steeped in mediæval forms as Mr. Hall is ought not to talk of Prince John (p. 163). There are one or two misprints which need correction, such as "Abelard" of Bath on p. 52, and "archæology" on p. 229. More serious questions than these are raised when Mr. Hall briefly tickets the author of the "Gesta Henrici" and "Dialogus de Scaccario" as "an interested eulogist" (pp. 269, 270); or when, in the same light-hearted fashion, he adopts Mr. Howlett's paradoxical theory about Henry II. Arbitrary judgments of this sort are matters that very closely concern the authority of the teacher. The many illustrations are interesting, and add much to the book. Mr. Hall has not, unfortunately, given the reader the means of tracing the sources from which they are drawn.

TOLSTOI AND HIS CRITICS.

BOYHOOD, ADOLESCENCE, AND YOUTH. By Léon Tolstói. Translated from the Russian by Constantine Popoff. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

"BOYHOOD, Adolescence, and Youth" is understood to be Tolstói's own. Written more than thirty years ago, its interest to-day lies rather in the light it throws on its author's character than in its keen analysis of character or its vivid pictures of Russian life. Tolstói since then has found the peace "The Cossacks" and "Anna Karenina" showed he was in search of for twenty years, and in "My Religion" has set forth his adhesion to the true as distinguished from the false Christianity.

That a great genius should follow the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount seems to some of Messieurs les Critiques an insult to latter-day culture, and to others a proof of failing intellect. Tolstói, the supreme artist, the author of "Peace and War," to quit the one thing for which he is fitted—Literature—and bury his gifts in writing religious tracts and striving to undo all that Art and Science have done for man—marvellous and ridiculous! And this view of Tolstói is undoubtedly strengthened by the book before us. "Boyhood, Adolescence, and Youth" sketches the first twenty years of a youth who receives all the disadvantages of a rich man's education. Consumed with self-consciousness, exceedingly impulsive and precocious, and influenced almost entirely by his surroundings, he is led by his vanity and sensitiveness into many errors and absurdities. His tutors teach him nothing worth learning, his social advantages leave him without polish, his class conventions lead him to the grand ideal of being *un homme comme il faut*. Clearly, the critics will say, the character Tolstói thus presents of himself is rather of the artistic than the religious nature, but one which is so quick to retain impressions that its bias is determined by the nature of their sum. And this observation is borne out by the author's attitude towards his youthful portrait. It is that of a man profoundly impressed with the vanity, and profoundly indifferent to the pleasures of life, who through his own follies and errors has attained great insight into the motives of his fellows, and whose sensitiveness is no longer a trap for his vanity, but an instrument for detecting their characters. And here the critics will further remark that in these confessions of his youth Tolstói has laid bare his weakness, and has shown himself as wavering between two standpoints—the artistic and the ethical. For who but a moralist would lay such stress on the follies of a child—would throw such an atmosphere of reprobation round the most trivial acts? Yet who but an artist would strive so successfully to hide the moral—would employ such extraordinary literary skill in arrangement of the scenes to lighten the impression the reader receives of a narrow point of view? Yet they will note that all his skill is insufficient to hide his weakness when he is hampered by the autobiographical form. Whereas in his novels his artistic sense, given free play, carries his point triumphantly, this narrative of fact gives him too little scope to work out his moral. Here, they will say, is full proof of the religious warp which weakened "Anna Karenina" in the suicide of the heroine; the moralist's dissatisfaction with life, which is the reason why "Katia" ends sadly, why the hero in "The Cossacks" can never banish from his head the musings which take all colour from the happy life of the peasants. Here in Tolstói's second work of importance is already strong that "habit of philosophising" which has spoiled a great artist—narrowing his point of view till he has arrived at distrusting the intellect itself.

So far Messieurs les Critiques, whose premises Tolstói's defenders will accept, even as they reject their conclusions. We grant, say his admirers, that these confessions are somewhat overdone from the point of view of literature; but so much the more do they gain in interest as the revelations of a spirit working towards a great purpose. We grant that to find a remedy for certain evils, Tolstói has analysed modern civilisation till he rejects its basis; that he has been so desirous of getting to the bottom of things that now he can get no further, and that thus it is he urges a return to the life of the fields, for simplicity is there; that he denies woman's right to be placed on an equality with man, for he fears her power; that he has turned romance against itself, for he fears its charm. All this we grant, but in his very limitations lies his power. To lament his loss to literature is to rob his work of all moral significance; and if you take his ethical teaching from his writings, what is left? His genius is not that of the supreme artist at all, and only where he has a moral to drive home is he at his greatest. If not, why are his death-bed

scenes so perfect in their art, his lighter stories so imperfect? A novelist the less is no great matter. By renouncing the world he has put the seal on his works, and emphasised them thereby far more than a repetition of his beliefs could do. But supposing he had not quitted literature, what should we have gained? He would have given us another Anna Karenina perhaps, and so would be remembered as Gogol and Dostoieffsky and Turguenief are remembered, for their literary merits. But now by his self-denying action, by his steadfastly following out his convictions, regardless of being derided as a visionary and a fanatic, he has placed himself far above his fellows. By denying the limitations of human nature he has burst through those limitations. His denunciation of war, his doctrine of "Resist not evil," may seem childish to his contemporaries; but he has created a centre of light in a moral chaos, and it is impossible that men should not look towards it. You may say his action is retrograde, you may explain that his distrust of "progress" springs from the unrest of his country and the problems that science with increasing power creates and cannot settle; but your words only show that he is standing in relation to his age as the leaders of the Revolution stood in relation to the last century. If they fought for man's physical, he fights for man's spiritual, needs; if they would have freed the mind, he would free the soul. And he does not undo, but completes, their work. They proclaimed the rights, and he the duties, of men.

So far Messieurs les Disciples, of whom M. Popoff would seem to be one, so well has he translated his author. His version is inferior in style to the late Mr. Ralston's translation of Turguenief's "Fathers and Sons," the best English translation from the Russian yet made; but it is easy, natural, and, like the Portuguese Guide-book to English, "free and despoiled of Gallicisms." M. Popoff has a command of English idiom, and his piece of work is a decided improvement on the translation of Miss Hopgood's, which hails from America. M. Popoff would have done well, however, to follow his rival in giving a short analysis of "Boyhood, Adolescence, and Youth" in relation to the facts of its author's career.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. THE HOLY ROSE, etc. By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. A WAIF OF THE PLAINS. By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
3. WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENCE. By Hawley Smart. Three volumes. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
4. MISS LUDINGTON'S SISTER. By Edward Bellamy. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

"THE HOLY ROSE" is a collection of some of Mr. Besant's shorter stories in one volume. The tale of the jewelled rose of gold, blessed by the Pope, has interest and excitement. The Pope had promised that, so long as the rose remained with the Arnault family, the line should never cease. "The Last Mass" is chiefly remarkable for the fidelity and skill with which Mr. Besant presents to us the old time; but we miss the illustrations which accompanied it on its first appearance in a magazine where the illustrations are always good. The longest story in the book, "The Inner House," gives us several of Mr. Besant's favourite views; as, for instance, his curious opinion that without the waltz there can be no true happiness. It is a pity that this story has been reproduced just at the moment when everybody is surfeited with fanciful predictions of the future. It is not dull, but it is not so amusing as "Camilla's Last String," which is one of the two sketches that close the volume.

But something seems to be wanting throughout the collection. In comparison with the ordinary novelist, Mr. Besant is spirited and vigorous enough; but he does not show the happy audacity that made his early books so popular. We have an uncomfortable feeling that he has been guilty of research lately, that the shadow of mere accuracy has darkened his humour, that he studies facts and dates with a view to future use. We do not think that he has lost in the least degree his old power; but that the power is, as a rule, less conspicuous in those of his stories which have a historical setting.

Mr. Bret Harte concludes "A Waif of the Plains" by hinting at the possibility that he may write a sequel to the book. If he can make the sequel half as good as the story, he may begin to write it now, and he may hurry. We want more books like

"A Waif of the Plains." There was a time—and we are afraid that the time has not quite gone yet—when some authors thought that the distinction between the talk of children and that of adults was sufficiently maintained if the children were made to talk rather worse grammar than their seniors. Novelists are beginning now to see that this method was inadequate, and that the study of children is well worth while; and it is in the delineation of children that Mr. Bret Harte is particularly good. He seems to have remembered precisely how he felt when he was a boy; what he thought, what he did, what he said, and how he said it. His recollection of his own girlhood is just as accurate; and this is a little surprising, because we are not aware that Mr. Bret Harte ever had any girlhood. The fact remains that Susy and Clarence both have the reality of a personal experience. They are just children—not frosted-sugar cake-ornaments like Little Lord Fauntleroy, but real children. Their story is full of pathos and full of fun. There is only a step from tragedy to farce, but Mr. Bret Harte is one of the few authors who can keep his footing on that step. It may be noted that he can be exceedingly funny without being either offensive or irreverent; although it would be almost an insult to Mr. Bret Harte to mention this if we had not painful recollections of another recent work by another American author, in which the Holy Grail was the subject of some dull jests. The most amusing person in the book is the melodramatic Jim Hooker. Jim Hooker's great ambition was to be considered a villain, and he did succeed in being a very tolerable liar. We hope that we shall meet Jim again in the sequel. "A Waif of the Plains" is some of Mr. Bret Harte's best work.

"Without Love or Licence" is one of those machine-made novels that we expect at regular intervals from Mr. Hawley Smart. They have a large class of readers who want to be interested easily and amused slightly, and not to be bored with anything that requires the least intellectual effort. Mr. Hawley Smart is the novelist of the lazy sportsman. His characters are easy to understand, because they are all conventional types. They are old friends whom the reader has met before. His plots, the skeletons of his stories, are frequently clever, but it does not take a critic to see the wire which fasten the bones together. He never preaches, and his stories are always wholesome and decent; but they fail terribly in originality and individuality.

"Without Love or Licence" is not a sporting novel. The first of its three volumes is the best. In this volume the interest is remarkably well sustained, and the secrets of the locked ball-room are quite good enough to puzzle most readers. In the two following volumes the plot thickens, but much of it is distressingly improbable. The story is concerned with a young man who ought to have married the insipid but good daughter of a banker, but was foolish enough to marry the unusually vulgar daughter of an innkeeper. This woman subsequently made some of the stupidest mistakes possible, and committed a most disadvantageous bigamy, but yet is supposed to have been clever enough to become a queen of society. The story ends as it must end, as every reader of the first half of it knows that it will end. Its incidents are all of the kind which are supposed to be exciting. There are stolen deeds which have to be found, and which after the usual number of failures are found. As there happens to be a bank in the book, the bank of course breaks. In fact, everything goes on with due regard to the expectations of an ordinary reader.

We do not expect much from the average shilling novel, and one would naturally expect still less for sixpence. Yet the published price of "Miss Ludington's Sister" is only sixpence, and in it Mr. Edward Bellamy works out an idea which is certainly extraordinary and interesting. The book teems with impossibilities. A woman falls in love with her own past beauty, and thinks of little else. A boy falls in love with the picture of a woman, and retains his passion during manhood in as strong, or stronger, a degree than manhood usually feels for women of real life. There is much else which is wildly improbable, but which it would be impossible to detail without disclosing Mr. Bellamy's extraordinary idea. The excessive shallowness of the deep thinking throughout the book is irritating; and Mr. Bellamy's style sometimes maddens. But, in spite of all this, no one who commences "Miss Ludington's Sister" will be likely to leave it until he has finished it. The originality of the idea carries the reader through, and keeps him interested, and in parts intensely interested. "Miss Ludington's Sister" will not detract from Mr. Bellamy's reputation as an author. With a little more care—or, perhaps, a little more skill—this might have been a remarkably good book; in its present condition it is still remarkable.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE still exists a good deal of insular prejudice in this country concerning "Spain of To-Day," and, therefore, books which give in brief compass, and in a lively manner, descriptions of the social and industrial life of the people are peculiarly welcome. Many works have, of course, been written about modern Spain, but we cannot recall one which sums up in a more pithy, and at the same time picturesque way, than this volume of Mr. Lawson's, the facts and forces which are shaping to unsuspected issues the growing commercial activity of the nation. Mr. Lawson states that the great want of Spain is a capable administrative authority at the head of affairs, and he lays stress upon the fact that though in the Cortes there are brilliant speakers, skilful tacticians, and honest politicians of all shades of conviction, the feebleness of the administrative instinct in the Spanish public service is unmistakable and even notorious. Spain, he reminds us, has a home population of about seventeen millions, and its public revenue averages, in normal years, thirty millions sterling. "If the whole amount were derived from taxes, it would represent thirty-five shillings per head; but only three-fifths of it are, properly speaking, fiscal. The other two-fifths are the produce of State monopolies, State property, and Treasury receipts of various kinds. No one will call this an oppressive sum, even for a poor country. Frenchmen have three times as heavy a bill to pay to their rulers; and even the Belgians, well governed as they are, have almost double the Spanish rate of taxation to bear." Officialism is the curse of Spain, and Mr. Lawson states that the mendicants, who infest every public place, almost rank as one of the learned professions, and in point of numbers "run the priests rather close." All the requisite elements for commercial prosperity exist in Spain, but so far they have not learnt to co-operate effectively. The country is, however, "awakening to the fact that the days of knight-errantry are over," and, in spite of its present financial embarrassments, the resources of Spain are so vast, and its commercial opportunities so great, that no one who is acquainted with the country takes a gloomy view of the situation. This book is full of statistics, and it also gives an attractive picture of some characteristic Spanish customs and institutions.

Mr. Edward Butler has just published a new volume entitled "A Consideration of Gentle Ways, and other Essays." Amongst the subjects which he discusses are a lawyer's library, proxies, posthumous glorification, red-tape, preconceptions, an antidote to envy, and sundry other topics more or less dear to the hearts of moralists. The book also contains some parables and apologies, although none of them strike us as being remarkable either for beauty or suggestiveness. There is also a pleasant little paper on that old English worthy, Dr. Thomas Fuller, over whose wit and wisdom Mr. Butler grows quite enthusiastic. Shrewd and kindly humour abounds in the book, and everywhere strong common sense, and a cheery generous way of looking at life, prevails. At the same time, we are bound to add that we do not think that the majority of these essays reach the level, either of thought or expression, which was attained by a previous collection of similar papers by Mr. Butler. The book, however, is undeniably pleasant, and its comments are always kindly and often suggestive.

"Cross Lights" is the rather fanciful title which Mr. H. B. Simpson gives to a little volume containing half a dozen essays, written with some distinction of style, and freshness of thought. They have no connection with each other beyond the fact of their common authorship, and their appearance side by side in the present book. The subjects with which Mr. Simpson deals are the study of classical archaeology, Macpherson's "Ossian," Wordsworth's successor, Dr. Blair, of rhetoric fame, Shakespeare on the stage, and logic and language. The article on Wordsworth's successor is an able and appreciative criticism of Browning, between whom and the greatest of the Lake poets an interesting parallel is drawn. The history of Macpherson's famous book, which Dr. Johnson and Lord Macaulay so hotly denounced, is told with admirable clearness, and a good word is said for the author of "Ossian." The paper on Shakespeare on the stage is concerned with the manner in which plays like *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *Henry V.*, *As You Like It*, and *Romeo and Juliet* can be best represented. Mr. Simpson argues that there are two elements always present, the original fable—or fact, as the case may be—and the atmosphere with which Shakespeare has surrounded it. Shakespeare took the basis of his plays from every age and every clime, and transfused them all, not merely with his own genius, but also with the customs and humours of his contemporaries.

* SPAIN OF TO-DAY: A DESCRIPTIVE, INDUSTRIAL, AND FINANCIAL SURVEY OF THE PENINSULA. By W. R. Lawson. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Crown 8vo.

A CONSIDERATION OF GENTLE WAYS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Edward Butler. London: Elliot Stock. 18mo.

CROSS LIGHTS. By H. B. Simpson. London: W. H. Allen & Co. Crown 8vo.

AN AUSTRALIAN RAMBLE; OR, A SUMMER IN AUSTRALIA. By J. Ewing Ritchie. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

THE REIGN OF LAW. By the Duke of Argyll, K.G. Illustrated. Nineteenth Edition. London: John Murray. Crown 8vo.

OUR INHERITANCE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID. By C. Piazzi Smyth, F.R.S.E., late Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. Fifth Edition. London: Charles Barnett & Co. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

THE NURSERY "ALICE." Containing Twenty Coloured Enlargements from Tenniel's Illustrations to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with Text adapted to Nursery Readers by Lewis Carroll. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 4to. (4s.)

Possibly complete reconciliation of these two elements is not in this age attainable, but "if it is in any wise to be achieved, it will first be necessary to recognise the dualism of Shakespeare's plays more fully than has generally been done." Neither the precisians of literature, nor the precisians of costume, must be allowed to push their contention too far, and whenever the archaeologist is called in, he must never be allowed too free a hand in the representation of a great poetic dramatist like Shakespeare. The author of these essays has something to say, and knows how to say it, and his criticisms, especially on directly literary subjects, are always capable, and sometimes trenchant.

There was nothing in the least degree remarkable about Mr. Ewing Ritchie's "Australian Ramble," but he nevertheless contrives to write about the places he visited, and the people he saw, in a lively if somewhat superficial manner. It certainly is a mistake on his part to fill upwards of sixty pages, in a volume which does not extend in all to two hundred and forty, with descriptions of the voyage out, and of the ports touched at on the way. Like everybody else, he has a good deal to say that is complimentary concerning the glorious sunshine and genial climate of Australia, though, of course, we hear also of the terrible droughts which prevail in the Island-Continent. Mr. Ritchie confesses that he was agreeably disappointed with Sydney; the shops and public buildings were more handsome, and the streets more spacious, than he had anticipated, whilst the beauty of the harbour impressed him, as it does everybody else. The inhabitants of Sydney, however—and there are about three hundred and fifty thousand of them now—are a little too fond of asking the question—"What do you think of our harbour?" After a day or two this becomes rather a bore, and everybody, unfortunately, is not able to escape from the difficulty as adroitly as the captain of an English man-of-war did which was lying at anchor off Sydney. He grew so tired of this perpetual note of interrogation, that at length in despair he hung a blackboard over the side of his ship, on which was chalked up "We admire your harbour very much."

More than twenty years have elapsed and the scientific world has by no means stood still in the interval, since the first publication of the Duke of Argyll's famous exposition of "the Reign of Law" in nature, and the realm of mind. When the book first appeared, it was generally recognised as an extremely able and suggestive contribution to the discussion of some of the chief problems raised by the discoveries of modern science. The mere fact that such a book is now in its nineteenth edition is evidence enough that there are still plenty of people in England of no special scientific bent who are willing enough to devote themselves to stiff reading when arguments and conclusions based on a wide survey of facts are placed before them in a clear and impressive manner.

Another well-known book which seems to possess more than ordinary vitality is Professor Piazzi Smyth's "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." The bulk of the book has been considerably reduced in this fifth edition by what its author terms a "very strenuous attempt at a general condensation." The work now consists of about four hundred and fifty pages instead of upwards of six hundred and fifty—the number of pages in the last edition, which was published in 1880. We are glad to find that all the old "explanatory plates" are included in the present issue, and that the book has been brought up to date. Professor Smyth is able even to print in a new appendix—the fifteenth, by the way—statements made as late as January of the present year, which in his view strengthen his contention that the great pyramid is in reality an "anti-Egyptian and most primeval structure."

Mr. Lewis Carroll has brought out what he terms "The Nursery 'Alice,'" an abridgement in simple language of a story which in its original shape bids fair to be a classic book for boys and girls, as well as a permanent favourite with the children of a larger growth. Mr. Carroll states that his "ambition now is to be read by children aged from nought to five," or, rather, as he makes haste to explain—as these autocrats of the nursery are not usually very literate—to be "thumbed, cooed over, dogs-eared, rumpled, and kissed by the dimpled darlings." We think it is rather a mistake to weaken the inimitable story in this fashion; surely the "dimpled darlings" can well afford to wait, and our own "first impressions" are that the book is not improved by the process through which it has passed, though the "twenty coloured enlargements" of Tenniel's imaginative and humorous illustrations give the volume an attractive look.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE progress made by the Government with their legislative work before the Easter adjournment may be summed up in a sentence. The Lunacy Laws Consolidation and the Statute Law Revision Bills—both unopposed—have become law; the Tithe Bill, the Allotments Act Amendment Bill, the Pleuro-pneumonia Bill, and one or two minor Bills, have been read the second time; the Irish Land Purchase Bill, the Private Bill Procedure (Scotland) Bill, and some other measures, have been brought in and read a first time. The record is not a brilliant one; but it is better than was at one time expected.

NOTHING, we imagine, will cause SIR WILLIAM MARRIOTT to feel ashamed of himself, but his party must have been ashamed for him after his painful exhibition of last Friday. SIR WILLIAM MARRIOTT is a lawyer, and even holds a quasi-judicial sinecure in the present Government. It was bad enough that a man in his position should venture to insinuate that which he dared not openly assert—that, after all, the charge invented by PIGOTT in his forged letter was not without foundation in fact, and that even the letter itself might be a copy of a genuine document. If SIR WILLIAM MARRIOTT really believed that which he thus insinuated, he is a man whose opinion upon any question of evidence is absolutely worthless, and who is therefore supremely unfit for the post conferred upon him by LORD SALISBURY. But even worse than his grotesque attempt to revive PIGOTT's calumnies was the cowardly manner in which he sought to shirk responsibility for his own words by representing them as "chaff." Conservatives in future will do well to exclude SIR WILLIAM MARRIOTT from their platforms.

THE unopposed election of MR. E. A. V. KNOX, for Cavan, in succession to MR. BIGGAR, is an event whose significance our daily contemporaries do not seem to have quite appreciated. MR. KNOX is a Protestant landlord from County Down, educated at Keble College, Oxford, and now a fellow of All Souls. That men of this type are glad to enter the ranks of the Irish Nationalist party, and that the Irish Nationalist party is glad to welcome them, shows how great a change has been passing upon the Nationalist movement, and its relation to English parties. MR. KNOX had, we believe, been practically selected to contest an important English constituency, but he has done far better to enter the ranks of his own countrymen, and will be no less useful in Imperial politics for his having done so. Few things are more to be desired than that men who are English as well as Irish in their sympathies, and who properly understand English feeling, should be found within the Nationalist party, and help to prevent that reciprocal misunderstanding which has done so much harm in the past.

THE Windsor election resulted on Wednesday in the return of MR. BARRY, the Tory candidate, by a majority of 550 over his Liberal opponent, MR. GRENFELL. Both sides put forth great efforts, and the poll was extraordinarily heavy.

The result proves that the Royal borough continues to be pre-eminently a Tory borough. This character it has maintained for many years past; and none but the most sanguine imagined that it was likely to change sides on the present occasion. MR. GRENFELL made a very gallant fight, and whilst we greatly regret his rejection on personal grounds, we cannot see in it anything which detracts from the force of the assertion that the country as a whole is moving steadily onwards in the direction of Home Rule.

LORD SPENCER's speech at Skipton, last Wednesday, was mainly given up to criticism of the Land Purchase Bill; and the criticism, though studiously moderate in tone, was severe. The present system, he said, has the effect of keeping the worst landlords in Ireland while the best leave the country, or at least sell their land to the tenants. The complicated machinery of the Bill is in itself a difficulty: and complications would arise because the measure was not compulsory. Probably some clause of compulsion would have to be introduced sooner or later. LORD ROSEBURY's speech, addressed to the Scottish Liberal Club at Edinburgh on the same evening, dealt mainly with the hope of reuniting the two sections of the Liberal party. He prophesied that this reunion would take place immediately the Irish difficulty was out of the way.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has addressed a letter to the *Morning Post* in which he severely criticises the Irish Land Bill, and comes to a very unfavourable conclusion regarding it. The Bill itself, he declares, is a mere extension of the Ashbourne Act, and he shows how many eminent politicians, including MR. CHAMBERLAIN, have warned us of what is almost certain to happen if the State should ever find itself in the position of direct creditor to the tenant. The opposition of MR. PARNELL to the Bill, and the apathy, if not positive disapproval with which it has been received in Ireland, seem also reasons for rejecting the measure; though LORD RANDOLPH reserves his final conclusions for another letter, in which he promises to examine the value of the proposed securities. It is evident that the member for Paddington has not been deterred by recent events from his resolve to act the part of independent critic of the Ministry.

WE have again had a "BISMARCK week." Last Saturday the ex-Chancellor quitted Berlin amid demonstrations of popular enthusiasm such as have never been surpassed in the case of Royalty itself. That his final interview with the Emperor was not altogether a cordial one seems to be generally admitted, and it is clear from the attitude of the whole family that for the present, at all events, Achilles means to sulk in his tent. The marvel grows apace that the young Emperor should have been able in a country where, before the Bismarckian era, the sentiment of loyalty was by no means strong, to impress his own will so completely upon the nation that not a word of protest against the removal of a Minister who has so great a hold upon the popular affections should have been raised in public. Discipline seems, however, for the moment to be the watchword of the Teuton.

THE aspect of foreign affairs in connection with the retirement of PRINCE BISMARCK continues to be favourable. The Emperor has, we are told, given the most pacific assurances to all the Powers; and the official press of Germany insists that the Triple Alliance is as firm as it ever was. No doubt the Emperor desires to maintain it. But there are some signs which seem to indicate that he is endeavouring to perform a feat as far beyond the bounds of possibility as the squaring of the circle. He will maintain the Triple Alliance, but he also wishes, we are assured, to follow his grandfather's injunction to make friendship with Russia the keystone of his policy. There is little reason to wonder at the fact that, despite all assurances—official and semi-official—a feeling of uneasiness should be beginning to prevail at Vienna, where a good understanding between Berlin and St. Petersburg is looked upon as being fatal to the Triple Alliance.

EMIN PACHA has entered the service of the German East Africa Company as a subordinate at the modest salary of £1,000 a year, and is to start in a fortnight for the great lakes, in order, it is said, "to make treaties with the native chiefs in all directions,"—it may even be as the *St. James' Gazette* suggests, to make his way back to his former province. This astounding determination nullifies the work of his rescuers as far as he himself is concerned, and compels him to act in a way hostile to English interests in East Africa—an unexpected sequel indeed to MR. STANLEY'S work.

IN view of EMIN PACHA'S determination, and of the closing of English trade routes through German East Africa, which was announced from Zanzibar on Wednesday, considerable interest attaches to an article in the *Cologne Gazette* of that date on the future of German East Africa. The utmost activity is reported to prevail in all departments—missionary, commercial, and maritime. The subsidised line of German steamers is to commence running in May, coasting and river steamers are now building in Germany, and coal depôts and a repairing yard are to be established on the coasts. Plantations are talked of, and the high profits earned on the Congo are cited as an encouragement to German capital. But the jealousy of England is feared—for who knows, it is asked, what treaties MR. STANLEY may have made?—and there are Englishmen who dream of an African dominion extending from Egypt by the Nyanza to the Cape of Good Hope.

MOREOVER, the hill country must be secured in order to control the commerce of the coast. And so the writer gravely proposes that German East Africa shall be constituted a Crown Colony in view of the many international complications that may arise from its occupation. All English colonies in Africa, it is argued, began as Crown colonies, and the East India Company failed. If the writer knew a little more of colonial history he would be able to imagine what an English colonist would think of the control of bureaucrats in Berlin, and would recognise that England, as Professor Seeley puts it, "has conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind." Some day too, perhaps, English enterprise may be grateful for that idea of the strip of English territory down Africa from Alexandria to the Cape.

THE Portuguese elections have given the present Conservative Government a majority of two-thirds or more—a remarkable change considering their weakness in the last Cortes. Despite the opposition of the Progressist and Republican parties, MAJOR SERPA PINTO and another "Africanist" candidate have been returned for Lisbon, and two others elsewhere. The Progressists seem on

the whole to have coalesced with the Republicans, especially in Lisbon, where the President of the dissolved Municipal Council has been returned as the only Progressist member; and it is possible that this coalition may give fresh force to the Republican agitation. It is not altogether easy to account for the change of feeling. Something may be due to outraged patriotism; something, perhaps, to fears among the agricultural classes for the stability of the existing order of things; and much, probably, to the fatuous and interested caricatures of a patriotic or "national" economical policy to which the late Government seems to have been pretty deeply committed.

A SUMMARY of the debates at the Berlin Labour Conference published by the *Paris Matin*—no pledge of secrecy, it is said, being thereby violated, since none was imposed—adds something to the details known from other sources. The Conference failed to define "manufactory." Various attempts were made, based on the number of workmen or the employment of mechanical power, but finally on the motion of the English delegates, the task was left to the laws of the countries concerned. The Spanish and Italian delegates pressed (against English opposition) that the minimum limit of age for children employed in those countries should be fixed as low as possible, while the endeavour to raise it to 14 for underground work, put forward as a counsel of perfection, is chiefly due to Switzerland. Some protests against restricting Sunday labour and adult female labour came from Belgium, and as to the latter also from Italy, where, it was remarked, the situation is peculiar owing to the periodical migrations of numbers of men; while Switzerland objected to permitting any exceptions to the proposed restrictions upon it. M. DELAHAYE, the French workman delegate—an able and learned Socialist—separating himself from his colleagues, made a long speech, declaring that the French delegation had come with a mandate for the international regulation of labour, and urging that the immense increase in modern times of productive power should lead to an international agreement to shorten hours and liberate women and children from toil.

THE deliberations of the Conference are no doubt, in a sense, purely academic. But the moral value of the resolutions, when legislation is brought forward abroad, will be enormous—merely as a solid basis for argument in political controversy. To England they matter little directly, for the other countries seem in the main to have followed her teaching in adopting them. But indirectly this is all the more to her credit as a leader of civilisation.

ALTHOUGH SIR JAMES FERGUSSON tried in the House on Thursday to discredit the report that Turkish cruisers, seeking to prevent arms from being landed in Crete, have been trying to disguise themselves by flying the British flag, there seems reason to believe the statement to be well founded. One would have expected the Government to be eager to inquire into the report, and indignant if it should prove that our flag has been so outraged. But the cue of the present Government is to respect to the uttermost what are called "the susceptibilities of Turkey," so the representative of the Foreign Office would neither promise inquiry nor express disapproval. Meanwhile, the danger of an outbreak in Crete seems to increase, nor is there any sign that the Turks are prepared to make those prudent measures of concession which can alone avert it.

As the time draws near for holding the "universal eight-hour day demonstrations," it is seen how little in common the agitators in different countries have with each other. The American Federation of Labour has selected a well-organised union whose members will endeavour to get the employers' con-

sent to an eight-hour day on the 1st of May. If the employers refuse there will be a strike. As we recently pointed out in an article on this subject, the American Trade Unionists do not desire, and have no confidence in, a legal eight-hour day. The same may be said of the great majority of English Trade Unionists. Outside these there are a few irresponsible labour leaders who advocate an eight-hour day law, and we may expect that they will organise a few harmless demonstrations on the 1st of May. In France the movement takes another turn. There it is among the revolutionary socialists of the Marxist type, and they want to see several laws passed for the limitation of the hours of labour and the regulation of work. It is probable that the American workmen will succeed in reducing their hours to eight a day, although this may mean reduced wages; but outside of America the eight-hour demonstrations are not likely to produce any effect.

It is so long since a serious disaster has happened to any of the great Atlantic liners that very little uneasiness was occasioned last week by the fact that the splendid steamship of the Inman Line, the *City of Paris*, was several days over-due at Queenstown. At first sight, this feeling of public security may seem to have been justified by the result, for the vessel reached Queenstown in safety on Sunday morning, and her passengers, seven hundred in number, were duly landed. But it is quite clear that we have had the narrowest escape from one of the most terrible marine disasters ever recorded. The machinery of the ship broke down on Tuesday week; such damage was caused to the hull that water flowed freely into the engine room, and it was only the fact that the weather was not severe and that the bulkheads of the water-tight compartments held, that prevented the foundering of the vessel. We discuss elsewhere the question of Speed *versus* Safety on these "greyhounds" of the Atlantic. It is one which has a very real interest for thousands of persons.

At the moment at which we write, no public announcement has been made as to the decision of the Home Secretary regarding the Crewe parricides. It is to be regretted that Mr. MATTHEWS has not already seen his way to commute the punishment upon these wretched boys. Every argument—scientific as well as sentimental—that can be brought to bear upon the case tells in favour of their being reprieved. Unfortunately we still have among us certain persons who look upon the gallows not so much as a dreadful necessity, only to be resorted to under the strongest moral pressure, but as a high and holy institution to be cherished with reverent affection by every civilised community. Some of these are openly protesting against any reprieve being granted to these lads on the ground that their guilt has been clearly established, and that their crime is a heinous one. If their guilt had not been clearly established it would be murder to hang them; and as to the heinousness of their crime, whilst we fully admit it, we still consider that in all the circumstances a sentence of penal servitude would meet the justice of the case.

WHILE one of the "snowball" collections for a charitable purpose, of which so much was heard some months ago, continues its onward course, despite all efforts to stop it, the system appears to be spreading to Paris in the wake of *le sport, les fiveoques*, and other British institutions. According to the London Correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, "Paris has just discovered the snowball, and is in ecstasies." And—as he claims to have first made it known there—he lucidly sets forth its many dangers in the manner with which we in England are now familiar. No doubt the system is dangerous. But France is not, on the whole, a country of charitable effort, and an endeavour to

make it fashionable may be pardoned, even if accompanied by considerable disadvantages.

THE Revenue returns for the year show total receipts of £89,304,000 against £88,473,000 in 1888-9. This improvement takes no account of the loss sustained by the Imperial Revenue from the transfer of part of the excise and stamp duties to the County Councils. In reality, the improvement is £4,600,000. The chief increase upon the estimates is in the excise duties, and these show an increase of £1,290,000, which is due in part to the produce of the readjustment of the beer-tax. The post and telegraph revenues exceed the estimate by £190,000; and the whole revenue is in excess of the estimate by about £3,154,000. It is clear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer erred to a very marked degree on the side of prudence when he framed his budget last year. No doubt it was a mistake on the right side; but a mistake nevertheless it was.

THERE has been a more confident feeling on the Stock Exchange all through the week. The Liquidation on the Berlin Bourse at the end of the month passed off more smoothly than had been expected, and the crash which is looked for in Buenos Ayres seems to be postponed for some time longer. The uneasiness caused by the retirement of Prince Bismarck has also somewhat subsided. But, though the feeling was better, there was very little increase in business. After Easter, however, members of the Stock Exchange and the larger operators hope for an increase in business, and better prices. No doubt they will do their utmost to realise their hopes, but if there is a rise in prices it is hardly likely to continue very long, for the difficulties in the Argentine Republic and in Germany still exist, prices are very high, and political uneasiness has been once more revived. Besides all that, the new loans and companies that have been brought out in such great numbers during the past couple of years have not to a large extent been subscribed for by the investing public, and therefore financial houses, syndicates, and trust companies have much of their funds locked up in securities that for the time are unsaleable. Trade continues fairly good, although there are complaints that the manufacturing branches of iron and steel are much less prosperous than they were, and there is no appearance of the activity in the shipbuilding industry being maintained.

THE Directors of the Bank of England have this week kept their rate of discount at 4 per cent., but the expectation is very general that it will be reduced next week to 3 per cent. On Monday and Tuesday the supply of loanable capital in the outside market was so scarce that a good deal had to be borrowed from the Bank of England. But on Wednesday, which was Consols settling day, the Government paid for a large amount of Consols which had been purchased for the Sinking Fund, and that increased so much the supply of money in the outside market that bill-brokers and discount houses were able to repay to the Bank of England the loans that fell due on that day. Also the rate of interest in the outside market fell from about 3½ per cent. to about 2½ per cent. In the discount market, however, there was a falling-off all through the week. At the end the rate is about 2½ per cent. A large amount of gold has been received from South America, a considerable portion of which went into the Bank of England, and the remainder was taken to Berlin. It is expected that more will come, and that for some time yet the Reserve of the Bank of England will be strengthened. If this happens, and no large demand for any foreign country springs up, rates will be very low for some weeks. But unless trade falls off there will be a large outflow of coin and notes into the provinces, and to Scotland and Ireland, at the end of this month and early in May.

A DAMAGED MINISTRY.

THE Easter recess marks the termination of that first period of the Parliamentary Session which stamps its character as a whole. How have Ministers fared since Parliament began its deliberations? Are they stronger or weaker in the House of Commons and the country than they were two months ago? The question has a special interest this year, inasmuch as on both sides the thoughts of men are turned to the dissolution which everybody knows to be approaching. That the present Parliament has passed its prime, even Mr. Smith himself will admit. Nearly four years have elapsed since it was elected, and Lord Salisbury found himself at the head of one of the most compact and powerful majorities ever commanded by a Minister. History teaches us that it is only in the early years of its existence that a Parliament is able to put forth its full strength. Its golden summer is invariably to be found in its second and third Sessions. After that chill autumn benumbs its faculties, and it is with ever-decreasing force and impetus that it follows its appointed course. It follows that what has not been done during the four years of its existence by the present Parliament will certainly not be accomplished during the remainder of its life, be it more or less prolonged. Indeed, as we look back upon the weeks of the present Session, the most obvious fact which must strike everybody is the growing sense of lassitude and weakness which has possessed the House as a whole. On both sides men have shown their consciousness of the fact that their mandate is exhausted, and that no renewal of vital force can be hoped for by the Legislature until there has been another appeal to the country. For such work as they have still in hand the supporters of the Government have little heart. The "blind fury with the abhorred shears" hovers above them, and it is of their ultimate destiny, rather than of any duties which they have yet to perform, that all are thinking.

He would be a bold man, even to audacity, who would venture to declare that Ministers have improved their position since the present Session began. So far from this being the case, nothing is more evident than that their strength, like that of Parliament itself, is on the ebb. The various small defeats on minor questions which they have sustained are in themselves insignificant; but they are the straws which show how the wind is blowing, and they foretell the inevitable end. The debates on the Report of the Parnell Commission have left the Government weakened and damaged at every point. The country—as the results of the bye-elections, not excluding those for Ayr and Windsor, show—has refused to respond to the frantic attempts of Lord Salisbury and his supporters to pervert the Report of the Judges to the discredit and destruction of the Parnellites. The nation has seen, with something like disgust, that those who hoped to win a great political battle by an attack of incredible foulness upon the personal honour of their antagonists, have shown no sense of shame, no desire to offer some reparation, for an almost irreparable wrong, when the absolute falsity of the charges on which they mainly relied has been fully established before a judicial tribunal. Plain men, not versed in the subtleties of Bar-etiquette, have been unable to separate the Attorney-General and the Government of which he was a member from the men who employed Pigott. The shame in which that wretched creature involved all who trusted him has now fallen upon the Treasury Bench, and Ministers can do nothing but submit. Their fate would have been different, and the country would have looked upon them with infinitely greater kindness, if they had shown any consciousness of the virtue which lies in generosity. Frank and honest words of sorrow for the cruel wrong which they have done to Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, an open condemnation of the criminal recklessness of those who launched against the Irish members the missiles of the moral assassin, might have done much to re-habilitate the Government in the eyes of the nation. But the curse with

which the gods visit those whom they have doomed seems to have fallen upon them; and in their insensate folly they have succeeded in outraging the English sense of justice, the love of fair play which dwells in the hearts of Liberal and Conservative alike.

Their belief that by harping upon the phrase "criminal conspiracy," and by dwelling upon those dramatic "asides," in which the Judges indulged in their somewhat verbose report, they could turn the eyes of the public from their absolute failure to establish any one of those charges about which the country cared, proved how completely Ministers had lost that coolness of judgment which alone can save any Government from ruin. But still more remarkable as a proof of their demoralisation is their stubborn refusal in both Houses of Parliament to right the wrong, the existence of which they could not pretend to deny. It is not a small matter for two long years to have held up to public scorn and odium, as the accomplice of assassins, an innocent man. The thing is not made in any degree more tolerable when the man thus shamefully maligned is the trusted leader of a nation. For such a wrong, it might have been supposed that the wrong-doers would have regarded no penance to which they might be called upon to submit as being too heavy. Yet Ministers and their subservient majority in the House of Commons have not even felt constrained to offer an apology to those whom they have so cruelly injured. On the contrary, they have endeavoured to escape from their position of shame and humiliation, under the shelter of a cloud of vague and for the most part trivial calumnies. Is it wonderful that they have suffered enormously in reputation and in strength since the Session began?

Nor, apart from their procedure on the Parnell libel, and the vigorous onslaught made upon them by the man who, when the present Parliament first met, was their own leader, have Ministers achieved any success during the Session. Their Tithes Bill is not a bad measure in itself, however pernicious may be some of the principles involved in it; but it has certainly not added to or consolidated the strength of the Ministerial following. The Kite of Free Education has been hauled down with something like precipitancy by Lord Salisbury, but it was flown long enough to show that, on this subject at least, the fissures in the "United Conservative party" are deep and wide. The Irish Land Bill is bitterly opposed by the organ of the very men for whose benefit it is intended, is repudiated by the Irish people, and is liked by nobody, least of all by those Tory members who won their seats by avowing their resolve never to allow the credit of the English taxpayer to be pawned for the benefit of Irish landlords or tenants. It is not to the success of this measure—even if it should become law during the present Session—that Ministers can look for any accession of strength or credit. Where, then, are they to look for the means of recovering the *prestige* they have lost? Mr. Goschen's surplus cannot help them much, and Mr. Goschen himself is the most unpopular of statesmen, even among the members of the party to which he now belongs. The cry of "obstruction" which Mr. Smith and his friends are ever ready to raise, they must raise in vain, so long as the Opposition act as they have done in the present Session, and—for want of an excuse for applying it—even the closure is left to rust unused in the hands of the authorities. In no direction is the gloom of the Ministerial horizon broken by even a gleam of light. And whilst this is the conclusion to which a survey of the more public aspect of the situation must lead every intelligent man, what do we learn from those less formal signs of the times with which the initiated are familiar? To what does the prevalent tone of private conversation in the House itself, in the lobby, or in the great political clubs point? Is it not notorious to every man behind the scenes that, whatever the organs of the Ministry may choose to assert, Ministers themselves, and the vast majority of their supporters, are conscious that they have lost the favour of the country, that the virtue

which dwells in those whom the nation trusts, has departed from them, and that nothing now remains but a feeble struggle against inevitable destiny, which must end, at no distant period, in submission to not less inevitable disaster?

THE PARTY OF POLITICAL MORALITY.

NEVER before, we should think, was there seen in the political world the spectacle of a measure seriously professing to be a grand and final remedy for a distracted society being angrily denounced by both the great antagonistic sections of that society. The Irish Minister offers Ireland a loan of thirty-three millions of money, to help the landlords to relieve themselves of property which they cannot sell, and the tenants to acquire property which they have not enough money of their own to buy. This immense international mortgage is to be the sovereign panacea for Irish discontent and disorder. Yet, strange to say, the principal organ of the landlords and the principal organ of the tenants both agree in denouncing the policy and rejecting the proposals. The *Freeman's Journal* and *United Ireland* warn the tenants to have nothing to do with a plan which, they say, is downright robbery, because it means that the purchasing tenant is being forced to buy, not only the landlord's interest, but that which is his own interest already. The *Dublin Express*, on the other hand, inspired by the Kildare Street Club, and taken in by every Irish landlord who can still afford to take in a paper at all, with equal energy denounces the Bill as defective past all remedy, as a bribe to a rebellious peasantry, as a betrayal of brave and patriotic landlords, and as making straight for Home Rule and Separation. Never before, we say, did so huge a proffer of financial accommodation meet so extraordinary a reception; and the fact of such a reception, whatever the real grounds of it may prove to be, is the most portentous warning that can be imagined of the assured failure of the whole policy.

Do the authors and supporters of the policy themselves believe in it? Do they believe that it will turn out to be either safe or effective? If they do, Office has wrought a wonderful change in the spirit of their dreams. The Prime Minister has said a hundred times, in talking to landlord deputations and other audiences, just what the *Dublin Express* says. He has called them the bulwark of the Union, the main bond of the English connection, the standard-bearers of Loyalty and Patriotism in Ireland. Yet his remedial policy consists in the removal of these very bulwarks, bonds, and standard-bearers, and the cheerful sacrifice by them of the Union, of Loyalty, of patriotism and the integrity of the empire for twenty years' purchase in bonds at two and three-quarters per cent. It is well worth while, too, for anybody who cares to study the party which boasts that it has the exclusive patent of political morality in these bad times, to turn to the little debate that followed the introduction of the Land Bill of 1886. It is an interesting prelude to the debates which are to open on the 21st of this month.

Sir Walter Barttelot said that a proposal for getting rid of the Irish landlords and the landowning class was one of the worst things that could happen to the country. Mr. Gregory, one of the most respected members of his party, insisted that the rent must always be the only real security; and asked whether it was likely that, if the tenants paid their rents reluctantly to Irish landlords, they would any more cheerfully pay the British Government. Mr. Forwood, now a member of the Government, entered into all sorts of calculations, to show how worthless as a security must be the rent-paying power of a small tenant farmer in a climate so uncertain as that of Ireland, in face of the competition of India and of America both in wheat and in meat. Yet Mr. Forwood and Sir Walter, and all the rest of them, will march boldly into the lobby

in favour of a plan which will bring the country full front in face of the very dangers that they foretold. So with the First Lord of the Admiralty, in spite of his own very clear and wise declaration in 1883, that "few conditions could be more dangerous to Governments than that they should be the creditors of a large portion of their subjects, especially if those so indebted were also politically disaffected towards them." "To bring the State face to face," he went on, "with hundreds of thousands of tenants, to whom the doctrine of repudiation of contract was too familiar, would be a perilous condition to all concerned." Quite true; and that is one of the two or three fundamental objections of all Liberals to the whole plan. As Lord Spencer said in his carefully argued speech at Skipton, on Wednesday night, any scheme of purchase, without the buffer of some Irish authority, would increase a hundredfold the danger and the odium thrown on the British Government in Ireland. With what ingeniously concocted sauce, we wonder, will Lord George Hamilton now swallow his own wise words of 1883?

As for the attitude towards Land Purchase of the rank and file of the two sections of the Unionist party at the election of 1886, no Liberal is likely to forget it. Not an inch of our territory, said Jules Favre, not a stone of a fortress. Not a sovereign of British money, cried the Unionists, not a day of Coercion. Yet all these professions of the party of political morality are to end in an Act of perpetual Coercion, and British credit to the tune of three-and-forty millions.

The fifty millions of the Liberal Bill were a monstrous fraud upon the taxpayer, but forty-three millions are a trifle not worth mentioning. It is impossible to deny that the view loudly preached on every Unionist platform was in effect the view expressed by Mr. Bright in his letter of November 11th, 1887. "I cannot see the reason," he said, "for any sweeping measure of purchase. The idea of buying up or buying out the proprietary class seems to me monstrous, unnecessary, and unjust." That was what they all said. Mr. Bright, if he had been alive, would have stood to his guns; but the men who strive to conjure with his name are of very different stuff, and they will run away from all their professions about purchase, just as they have run away from their airy denunciations of coercion as a hateful incident.

Meanwhile, the objections to the Bill are rapidly multiplying. So far from pacifying Ireland, it will tend to throw the country into confusion, precisely in the degree in which it is actively used. Anybody can see that if you set up a privileged section of Irish farmers paying 33 per cent. less rent than their neighbours, every estate which has been sold to the tenants on these terms will be surrounded by a ring of envious and angry onlookers, who will not be likely to make things pleasant for the landlord who refuses to give them a chance of the same advantages. The Ulster farmers—whose attitude to the Bill, by the way, will be watched with some curiosity—have long been very sore and wrathful on this very ground, and on this very ground have passed resolutions and framed memorials and sent deputations to Mr. Balfour for compelling the landlords to sell. This position of things will undoubtedly tend to set up a pretty strong moral compulsion, brought about by rough and turbulent processes, which will not help the cause of social order, but very much the reverse. For, as Lord Spencer pointed out, there is a large class of owners of heavily encumbered estates, who are in fact not owners at all, but only a species of caretakers for the mortgagee, who, with uncommonly little cash in hand, contrive to rub along somehow in a shabby way on the margin between their rents and their debts. If they are forced out of their demesnes, they instantly become beggars. Obviously these broken men will hang on to the last possible moment, with no good consequences either to the peace of the country or the comfort of the Government. In this direction we see nothing but confusion.